

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE LITTLE PILGRIM GOES UP HIGHER.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN the little Pilgrim came out of the presence of the Father, she found herself in the street of a great city. But what she saw and heard when she was with Him it is not given to the tongue of mortal to say, for it is beyond words, and beyond even thought. As the mystery of love is not to be spoken but to be felt, even in the lower earth, so, but much less, is that great mystery of the love of the Father to be expressed in sound. The little Pilgrim was very happy when she went into that sacred place, but there was a great awe upon her, and it might even be said that she was afraid; but when she came out again she feared nothing, but looked with clear eyes upon all she saw, loving them, but no more over-awed by them, having seen that which is above all. When she came forth again to her common life—for it is not permitted save for those who have attained the greatest heights to dwell there—she had no longer need of any guide, but came alone, knowing where to go, and walking where it pleased her, with reverence and a great delight in seeing and knowing all that was around, but no fear. It was a great city, but it was not like the great cities which she had seen. She understood as she passed along how it was that those who had been dazzled but by a pass-

ing glance had described the walls and the pavement as gold. They were like what gold is, beautiful and clear, of a lovely colour, but softer in tone than metal ever was, and as cool and fresh to walk upon and to touch as if they had been velvet grass. The buildings were all beautiful, of every style and form that it is possible to think of, yet in great harmony, as if every man had followed his own taste, yet all had been so combined and grouped by the master architect that each individual feature enhanced the effect of the rest. Some of the houses were greater and some smaller, but all of them were rich in carvings and pictures and lovely decorations, and the effect was as if the richest materials had been employed, marbles and beautiful sculptured stone, and wood of beautiful tints, though the little Pilgrim knew that these were not like the marble and stone she had once known, but heavenly representatives of them, far better than they. There were people at work upon them, building new houses and making additions, and a great many painters painting upon them the history of the people who lived there, or of others who were worthy that commemoration. And the streets were full of pleasant sound, and of crowds going and coming, and the commotion of much business, and many things to do. And this move-

<sup>1</sup> See *Macmillan* for May, 1882.

ment, and the brightness of the air, and the wonderful things that were to be seen on every side, made the Pilgrim gay, so that she could have sung with pleasure as she went along. And all who met her smiled, and every group exchanged greetings as they passed along, all knowing each other. Many of them, as might be seen, had come there, as she did, to see the wonders of the beautiful city; and all who lived there were ready to tell them whatever they desired to know, and show them the finest houses and the greatest pictures. And this gave a feeling of holiday and pleasure which was delightful beyond description, for all the busy people about were full of sympathy with the strangers, bidding them welcome, inviting them into their houses, making the warmest fellowship. And friends were meeting continually on every side; but the Pilgrim had no sense that she was forlorn in being alone, for all were friends; and it pleased her to watch the others, and see how one turned this way and one another, every one finding something that delighted him above all other things. She herself took a great pleasure in watching a painter, who was standing upon a balcony a little way above her, painting upon a great fresco: and when he saw this he asked her to come up beside him and see his work. She asked him a great many questions about it, and why it was that he was working only at the draperies of the figures, and did not touch their faces, some of which were already finished and seemed to be looking at her, as living as she was, out of the wall, while some were merely outlined as yet. He told her that he was not a great painter to do this, or to design the great work, but that the master would come presently, who had the chief responsibility. "For we have not all the same genius," he said, "and if I were to paint this head it would not have the gift of life as that one has; but to stand by and see him

put it in, you cannot think what a happiness that is: for one knows every touch, and just what effect it will have, though one could not do it one's self; and it is a wonder and a delight perpetual that it should be done."

The little Pilgrim looked up at him and said, "That is very beautiful to say. And do you never wish to be like him—to make the lovely, living faces as well as the other parts?"

"Is not this lovely too?" he said: and showed her how he had just put in a billowy robe, buoyed out with the wind, and sweeping down from the shoulders of a stately figure in such free and graceful folds that she would have liked to take it in her hand and feel the silken texture; and then he told her how absorbing it was to study the mysteries of colour and the differences of light. "There is enough in that to make one happy," he said. "It is thought by some that we will all come to the higher point with work and thought: but that is not my feeling; and whether it is so or not what does it matter, for our Father makes no difference: and all of us are necessary to everything that is done: and it is almost more delight to see the master do it than to do it with one's own hand. For one thing, your own work may rejoice you in your heart, but always with a little trembling because it is never so perfect as you would have it—whereas in your master's work you have full content, because his idea goes beyond yours, and as he makes every touch you can feel 'that is right—that is complete—that is just as it ought to be.' Do you understand what I mean?" he said, turning to her with a smile.

"I understand it perfectly," she cried, clasping her hands together with the delight of accord. "Don't you think that is one of the things that are so happy here? you understand at half a word."

"Not everybody," he said, and smiled upon her like a brother; "for we are not all alike even here."

"Were you a painter?" she said, "in—in the other——?"

"In the old times. I was one of those that strove for the mastery, and sometimes grudged—We remember these things at times," he said gravely, "to make us more aware of the blessedness of being content."

"It is long since then?" she said with some wistfulness; upon which he smiled again.

"So long," he said, "that we have worn out most of our links to the world below. We have all come away, and those who were after us for generations. But you are a new comer."

"And are they all with you? are you all—together? do you live—as in the old time?"

Upon this the painter smiled, but not so brightly as before.

"Not as in the old time," he said, "nor are they all here. Some are still upon the way, and of some we have no certainty, only news from time to time. The angels are very good to us. They never miss an occasion to bring us news: for they go everywhere, you know."

"Yes," said the little Pilgrim, though indeed she had not known it till now; but it seemed to her as if it had come to her mind by nature and she had never needed to be told.

"They are so tender-hearted," the painter said; "and more than that, they are very curious about men and women. They have known it all from the beginning and it is a wonder to them. There is a friend of mine, an angel, who is more wise in men's hearts than any one I know; and yet he will say to me sometimes, 'I do not understand you—you are wonderful.' They like to find out all we are thinking. It is an endless pleasure to them, just as it is to some of us to watch the people in the other worlds."

"Do you mean—where we have come from?" said the little Pilgrim.

"Not always there. We in this city have been long separated from that

country, for all that we love are out of it."

"But not here?" the little Pilgrim cried again, with a little sorrow—a pang that she knew was going to be put away—in her heart.

"But coming! coming!" said the painter, cheerfully; "and some were here before us, and some have arrived since. They are everywhere."

"But some in trouble—some in trouble!" she cried, with the tears in her eyes.

"We suppose so," he said, gravely; "for some are in that place which once was called among us the place of despair."

"You mean——" and though the little Pilgrim had been made free of fear, at that word which she would not speak, she trembled, and the light grew dim in her eyes.

"Well!" said her new friend, "and what then? The Father sees through and through it as He does here: they cannot escape Him: so that there is Love near them always. I have a son," he said, then sighed a little, but smiled again, "who is there."

The little Pilgrim at this clasped her hands with a piteous cry.

"Nay, nay," he said, "little sister; my friend I was telling you of, the angel, brought me news of him just now. Indeed there was news of him through all the city. Did you not hear all the bells ringing? But perhaps that was before you came. The angels who know me best came one after another to tell me, and our Lord himself came to wish me joy. My son had found the way."

The little Pilgrim did not understand this, and almost thought that the painter must be mistaken or dreaming. She looked at him very anxiously and said—

"I thought that those unhappy—— never came out any more."

The painter smiled at her in return, and said—

"Had you children in the old time?" She paused a little before she replied.

"I had children in love," she said, "but none that were born mine."

"It is the same," he said; "it is the same; and if one of them had sinned against you, injured you, done wrong in any way, would you have cast him off, or what would you have done?"

"Oh!" said the little Pilgrim again, with a vivid light of memory coming into her face, which showed she had no need to think of this as a thing that might have happened, but knew. "I brought him home. I nursed him well again. I prayed for him night and day. Did you say cast him off? when he had most need of me? then I never could have loved him," she cried.

The painter nodded his head, and his hand with the pencil in it, for he had turned from his picture to look at her.

"Then you think you love better than our Father?" he said; and turned to his work, and painted a new fold in the robe, which looked as if a soft air had suddenly blown into it, and not the touch of a skilful hand.

This made the Pilgrim tremble, as though in her ignorance she had done something wrong. After that there came a great joy into her heart. "Oh, how happy you have made me," she cried. "I am glad with all my heart for you and your son—" Then she paused a little and added, "But you said he was still there."

"It is true: for the land of darkness is very confusing, they tell me, for want of the true light, and our dear friends the angels are not permitted to help: but if one follows them, that shows the way. You may be in that land yet on your way hither. It was very hard to understand at first," said the painter; "there are some sketches I could show you. No one has ever made a picture of it, though many have tried: but I could show you some sketches—if you wish to see."

To this the little Pilgrim's look was so plain an answer that the painter laid down his pallet and his brush, and left his work, to show them to

her as he had promised. They went down from the balcony and along the street until they came to one of the great palaces, where many were coming and going. Here they walked through some vast halls, where students were working at easels, doing every kind of beautiful work: some painting pictures, some preparing drawings, planning houses and palaces. The Pilgrim would have liked to pause at every moment to see one lovely thing or another, but the painter walked on steadily till he came to a room which was full of sketches, some of them like pictures in little, with many figures—some of them only a representation of a flower, or the wing of a bird. "These are all the master's," he said; "sometimes the sight of them will be enough to put something great into the mind of another. In this corner are the sketches I told you of." There were two of them hanging together upon the wall, and at first it seemed to the little Pilgrim as if they represented the flames and fire of which she had read, and this made her shudder for the moment. But then she saw that it was a red light like a stormy sunset, with masses of clouds in the sky, and a low sun very fiery and dazzling, which no doubt to a hasty glance must have looked, with its dark shadows and high lurid lights, like the fires of the bottomless pit. But when you looked down you saw the reality what it was. The country that lay beneath was full of tropical foliage, but with many stretches of sand and dry plains, and in the foreground was a town, that looked very prosperous and crowded, though the figures were very minute, the subject being so great; but no one to see it would have taken it for anything but a busy and wealthy place, in a thunderous atmosphere, with a storm coming on. In the next there was a section of a street with a great banquetting hall open to the view, and many people sitting about the table. You could see that there was a great deal of laughter and conversation going on,



some very noisy groups, but others that sat more quietly in corners and conversed, and some who sang, and every kind of entertainment. The little Pilgrim was very much astonished to see this, and turned to the painter who answered her directly, though she had not spoken. "We used to think differently once. There are some who are there and do not know it. They think only it is the old life over again, but always worse, and they are led on in the ways of evil: but they do not feel the punishment until they begin to find out where they are and to struggle, and wish for other things."

The little Pilgrim felt her heart beat very wildly while she looked at this, and she thought upon the rich man in the parable, who, though he was himself in torment, prayed that his brother might be saved, and she said to herself, "Our dear Lord would never leave him there who could think of his brother when he was himself in such a strait." And when she looked at the painter he smiled upon her, and nodded his head. Then he led her to the other corner of the room where there were other pictures. One of them was of a party seated round a table and an angel looking on. The angel had the aspect of a traveller as if he were passing quickly by, and had but paused a moment to look, and one of the men glancing up suddenly saw him. The picture was dim, but the startled look upon this man's face, and the sorrow on the angel's, appeared out of the misty background with such truth that the tears came into the little Pilgrim's eyes, and she said in her heart, "Oh, that I could go to him and help him!" The other sketches were dimmer and dimmer. You seemed to see out of the darkness, gleaming lights, and companies of revellers, out of which here and there was one trying to escape. And then the wide plains in the night, and the white vision of the angel in the distance, and here and there by different paths a fugitive striving to follow. "Oh, sir," said

the little Pilgrim, "how did you learn to do it? You have never been there."

"It was the master, not I; and I cannot tell you if he has ever been there. When the Father has given you that gift, you can go to many places, without leaving the one where you are. And then he has heard what the angels say."

"And will they all get safe at the last? and even that great spirit, he that fell from Heaven——"

The painter shook his head, and said, "It is not permitted to you and me to know such great things. Perhaps the wise will tell you if you ask them: but for me I ask the Father in my heart and listen to what He says."

"That is best!" the little Pilgrim said; and she asked the Father in her heart: and there came all over her such a glow of warmth and happiness that her soul was satisfied. She looked in the painter's face and laughed for joy. And he put out his hands as if welcoming some one, and his countenance shone; and he said—

"My son had a great gift. He was a master born, though it was not given to me. He shall paint it all for us so that the heart shall rejoice; and you will come again and see."

After that it happened to the little Pilgrim to enter into another great palace where there were many people reading, and some sitting at their desks and writing, and some consulting together, with many great volumes stretched out open upon the tables. One of these who was seated alone looked up as she paused wondering at him, and smiled as every one did, and greeted her with such a friendly tone that the Pilgrim, who always had a great desire to know, came nearer to him and looked at the book, then begged his pardon, and said she did not know that books were needed here. And then he told her that he was one of the historians of the city where all the records of the world were kept, and that it was his business to work upon the great history,

and to show what was the meaning of the Father in everything that had happened, and how each event came in its right place.

"And do you get it out of books?" she asked; for she was not learned, nor wise, and knew but little, though she always loved to know.

"The books are the records," he said; "and there are many here that were never known to us in the old days; for the angels love to look into these things, and they can tell us much, for they saw it; and in the great books they have kept there is much put down that was never in the books we wrote; for then we did not know. We found out about the kings and the state, and tried to understand what great purposes they were serving; but even these we did not know, for those purposes were too great for us, not knowing the end from the beginning; and the hearts of men were too great for us. We comprehended the evil sometimes, but never fathomed the good. And how could we know the lesser things which were working out God's way? for some of these even the angels did not know; and it has happened to me that our Lord Himself has come in sometimes to tell me of one that none of us had discovered."

"Oh," said the little Pilgrim, with tears in her eyes, "I should like to have been that one!—that was not known even to the angels, but only to Himself!"

The historian smiled. "It was my brother," he said.

The Pilgrim looked at him with great wonder. "Your brother, and you did not know him!"

And then he turned over the pages and showed her where the story was.

"You know," he said, "that we who live here are not of your time, but have lived and lived here till the old life is far away and like a dream. There were great tumults and fightings in our time, and it was settled by the prince of the place that our town was to be abandoned, and all the people left to the mercy of an enemy

who had no mercy. But every day as he rode out he saw at one door a child, a little fair boy, who sat on the steps, and sang his little song like a bird. This child was never afraid of anything—when the horses pranced past him, and the troopers pushed him aside, he looked up into their faces and smiled. And when he had anything, a piece of bread, or an apple, or a plaything, he shared it with his playmates; and his little face, and his pretty voice, and all his pleasant ways, made that corner bright. He was like a flower growing there; everybody smiled that saw him."

"I have seen such a child," the little Pilgrim said.

"But we made no account of him," said the historian. "The Lord of the place came past him every day, and always saw him singing in the sun by his father's door. And it was a wonder then, and it has been a wonder ever since, why, having resolved upon it, that prince did not abandon the town, which would have changed all his fortune after. Much had been made clear to me since I began to study, but not this: till the Lord Himself came to me and told me. The prince looked at the child till he loved him, and he reflected how many children there were like this that would be murdered, or starved to death, and he could not give up the little singing boy to the sword. So he remained; and the town was saved, and he became a great king. It was so secret that even the angels did not know it. But without that child the history would not have been complete."

"And is he here?" the little Pilgrim said.

"Ah," said the historian, "that is more strange still; for that which saved him was also to his harm. He is not here. He is Elsewhere."

The little Pilgrim's face grew sad; but then she remembered what she had been told.

"But you know," she said, "that he is coming!"

"I know that our Father will never forsake him, and that everything that is being accomplished in him is well."

"Is it well to suffer? Is it well to live in that dark stormy country? Oh, that they were all here, and happy like you!"

He shook his head a little and said—

"It was a long time before I got here; and as for suffering that matters little. You get experience by it. You are more accomplished and fit for greater work in the end. It is not for nothing that we are permitted to wander: and sometimes one goes to the edge of despair——"

She looked at him with such wondering eyes that he answered her without a word.

"Yes," he said, "I have been there."

And then it seemed to her that there was something in his eyes which she had not remarked before. Not only the great content that was everywhere, but a deeper light, and the air of a judge who knew both good and evil, and could see both sides, and understood all, both to love and to hate.

"Little sister," he said, "you have never wandered far—it is not needful for such as you. Love teaches you, and you need no more; but when we have to be trained for an office like this, to make the way of the Lord clear through all the generations, reason is that we should see everything, and learn all that man is and can be. These things are too deep for us; we stumble on, and know not till after. But now to me it is all clear."

She looked at him again and again while he spoke, and it seemed to her that she saw in him such great knowledge and tenderness as made her glad; and how he could understand the follies that men had done, and fathom what real meaning was in them, and disentangle all the threads. He smiled as she gazed at him, and answered as if she had spoken.

"What was evil perishes, and what

was good remains; almost everywhere there is a little good. We could not understand all if we had not seen all and shared all."

"And the punishment too," she said, wondering more and more.

He smiled so joyfully that it was like laughter.

"Pain is a great angel," he said.

"The reason we hated him in the old days was because he tended to death and decay; but when it is towards life he leads, we fear him no more. The welcome thing of all in the land of darkness is when you see him first and know who he is: for by this you are aware that you have found the way."

The little Pilgrim did nothing but question with her anxious eyes, for this was such a wonder to her, and she could not understand. But he only sat musing with a smile over the things he remembered. And at last he said—

"If this is so interesting to you, you shall read it all in another place, in the room where we have laid up our own experiences, in order to serve for the history afterwards. But we are still busy upon the work of the earth. There is always something new to be discovered. And it is essential for the whole world that the chronicle should be full. I am in great joy because it was but just now that our Lord told me about that child. Everything was imperfect without him, but now it is clear."

"You mean your brother? And you are happy though you are not sure if he is happy?" the little Pilgrim said.

"It is not to be happy that we live," said he; and then, "We are all happy so soon as we have found the way."

She would have asked him more, but that he was called to a consultation with some others of his kind, and had to leave her, waving his hand to her with a tender kindness which went to her heart. She looked after him with great respect, scarcely knowing why; but it seemed to her that a man who had been in the land of darkness,

and made his way out of it, must be more wonderful than any other. She looked round for a little upon the great library, full of all the books that had ever been written, and where people were doing their work, examining and reading and making extracts, every one with looks of so much interest, that she almost envied them—though it was a generous delight in seeing people so happy in their occupation, and a desire to associate herself somehow in it, rather than any grudging of their satisfaction that was in her mind. She went about all the courts of this palace alone, and everywhere saw the same work going on, and everywhere met the same kind looks. Even when the greatest of all looked up from his work and saw her, he would give her a friendly greeting and a smile; and nobody was too wise to lend an ear to the little visitor, or to answer her questions. And this was how it was that she began to talk to another, who was seated at a great table with many more, and who drew her to him by something that was in his looks, though she could not have told what it was. It was not that he was kinder than the rest, for they were all kind. She stood by him a little, and saw how he worked and would take something from one book and something from another, putting them ready for use. And it did not seem any trouble to do this work, but only pleasure, and the very pen in his hand was like a winged thing, as if it loved to write. When he saw her watching him, he looked up and showed her the beautiful book out of which he was copying, which was all illuminated with lovely pictures.

"This is one of the volumes of the great history," he said. "There are some things in it which are needed for another, and it is a pleasure to work at it. If you will come here you will be able to see the page while I write."

Then the little Pilgrim asked him some questions about the pictures, and he answered her, describing and explaining them; for they were in the

middle of the history, and she did not understand what it was. When she said—"I ought not to trouble you, for you are busy," he laughed so kindly, that she laughed too for pleasure. And he said—

"There is no trouble here. When we are not allowed to work, as sometimes happens, that makes us not quite so happy, but it is very seldom that it happens so."

"Is it for punishment?" she said.

And then he laughed out with a sound which made all the others look up smiling; and if they had not all looked so tenderly at her, as at a child who has made such a mistake as it is pretty for the child to make, she would have feared she had said something wrong; but she only laughed at herself too, and blushed a little, knowing that she was not wise: and to put her at her ease again, he turned the leaf and showed her other pictures, and the story which went with them, from which he was copying something. And he said—

"This is for another book, to show how the grace of the Father was beautiful in some homes and families. It is not the great history, but connected with it: and there are many who love that better than the story which is more great.

Then the Pilgrim looked in his face and said—

"What I want most is, to know about your homes here."

"It is all home here," he said and smiled; and then, as he met her wistful looks, he went on to tell her that he and his brothers were not always there. "We have all our occupations," he said, "and sometimes I am sent to inquire into facts that have happened, of which the record is not clear; for we must omit nothing; and sometimes we are told to rest and take in new strength; and sometimes——"

"But oh, forgive me," cried the little Pilgrim, "you had some who were more dear to you than all the world in the old time?"

And the others all looked up again at the question, and looked at her with tender eyes, and said to the man whom she questioned—"Speak!"

He made a little pause before he spoke, and he looked at one here and there, and called to them—

"Patience, brother," and "Courage, brother." And then he said, "Those whom we loved best are nearly all with us; but some have not yet come."

"Oh," said the little Pilgrim, "but how then do you bear it, to be parted so long—so long?"

Then one of those to whom the first speaker had called out "Patience" rose, and came to her smiling; and he said—

"I think every hour that perhaps she will come, and the joy will be so great, that thinking of that makes the waiting short; and nothing here is long, for it never ends; and it will be so wonderful to hear her tell how the Father has guided her, that it will be a delight to us all; and she will be able to explain many things, not only for us, but for all; and we love each other so, that this separation is as nothing in comparison with what is to come."

It was beautiful to hear this, but it was not what the little Pilgrim expected, for she thought they would have told her of the homes to which they all returned when their work was over, and a life which was like the life of the old time; but of this they said nothing, only looking at her with smiling eyes, as at the curious questions of a child. And there were many other things she would have asked, but refrained when she looked at them, feeling as if she did not yet understand; when one of them broke forth suddenly in a louder voice, and said—

"The little sister knows only the little language and the beginning of days. She has not learned the mysteries, and what Love is, and what life is."

And another cried, "It is sweet to hear it again;" and they all gathered round her with tender looks,

and began to talk to each other, and tell her, as men will tell of the games of their childhood, of things that happened, which were half-forgotten, in the old time.

After this the little Pilgrim went out again into the beautiful city, feeling in her heart that everything was a mystery, and that the days would never be long enough to learn all that had yet to be learned, but knowing now that this too was the little language, and pleased with the sweet thought of so much that was to come. For one had whispered to her as she went out that the new tongue, and every explanation, as she was ready for it, would come to her through one of those whom she loved best, which is the usage of that country. And when the stranger has no one there that is very dear, then it is an angel who teaches the greater language, and that is what happens often to the children who are brought up in that heavenly place. When she reached the street again, she was so pleased with this thought, that it went out of her mind to ask her way to the great library, where she was to read the story of the historian's journey through the land of darkness; indeed she forgot that land altogether, and thought only of what was around her in the great city which is beyond everything that eye has seen, or that ear has heard, or that it has entered into the imagination to conceive. And now it seemed to her that she was much more familiar with the looks of the people, and could distinguish between those who belonged to the city, and those who were visitors like herself; and also could tell which they were who had entered into the mysteries of the kingdom, and which were like herself, only acquainted with the beginning of days. And it came to her mind, she could not tell how, that it was best not to ask questions, but to wait until the beloved one should come, who would teach her the first words. For in the meantime she did not feel at all impatient or disturbed by her want of



knowledge, but laughed a little at herself to suppose that she could find out everything, and went on looking round her, and saying a word to every one she met, and enjoying the holiday looks of all the strangers, and the sense she had in her heart of holiday too. She was walking on in this pleasant way, when she heard a sound that was like silver trumpets, and saw the crowd turn towards an open space in which all the beautiful buildings were shaded with fine trees, and flowers were springing at the very edge of the pavements. The strangers all hastened along to hear what it was, and she with them, and some also of the people of the place. And as the little Pilgrim found herself walking by a woman who was of these last, she asked her what it was?

And the woman told her it was a poet who had come to say to them what had been revealed to him, and that the two with the silver trumpets were angels of the musicians' order, whose office it was to proclaim everything that was new, that the people should know. And many of those who were at work in the palaces came out and joined the crowd, and the painter who had showed the little Pilgrim his picture, and many whose faces she began to be acquainted with. The poet stood up upon a beautiful pedestal all sculptured in stone, and with wreaths of living flowers hung upon it—and when the crowd had gathered in front of him, he began his poem. He told them that it was not about this land, or anything that happened in it, which they knew as he did, but that it was a story of the old time, when men were walking in darkness, and when no one knew the true meaning even of what he himself did, but had to go on as if blindly, stumbling and groping with their hands. And "Oh, brethren," he said, "though all is more beautiful and joyful here where we know, yet to remember the days when we knew not, and the ways when all was uncertain, and the end could not be distinguished from the beginning, is sweet and dear; and

that which was done in the dim twilight should be celebrated in the day; and our Father Himself loves to hear of those who, having not seen, loved, and who learned without any teacher, and followed the light, though they did not understand."

And then he told them the story of one who had lived in the old time; and in that air, which seemed to be made of sunshine, and amid all those stately palaces, he described to them the little earth which they had left behind—the skies that were covered with clouds, and the ways that were so rough and stony, and the cruelty of the oppressor, and the cries of those that were oppressed. And he showed the sickness and the troubles, and the sorrow and danger; and how Death stalked about, and tore heart from heart; and how sometimes the strongest would fail, and the truest fall under the power of a lie, and the tenderest forget to be kind; and how evil things lurked in every corner to beguile the dwellers there; and how the days were short and the nights dark, and life so little that by the time a man had learned something it was his hour to die. "What can a soul do that is born there?" he cried; "for war is there and fighting, and perplexity and darkness; and no man knows if that which he does will be for good or evil, or can tell which is the best way, or know the end from the beginning; and those he loves the most are a mystery to him, and their thoughts beyond his reach. And clouds are between him and the Father, and he is deceived with false gods and false teachers, who make him to love a lie." The people who were listening held their breath, and a shadow like a cloud fell on them, and they remembered and knew that it was true. But the next moment their hearts rebelled, and one and another would have spoken, and the little Pilgrim herself had almost cried out and made her plea for the dear earth which she loved; when he suddenly threw forth his voice again like a great song. "Oh,



dear mother earth," he cried; "oh, little world and great, forgive thy son! for lovely thou art and dear, and the sun of God shines upon thee and the sweet dew falls; and there were we born, and loved and died, and are come hence to bless the Father and the Son. For in no other world, though they are so vast is it given to any to know the Lord in the darkness, and follow Him groping, and make way through sin and death, and overcome the evil, and conquer in His Name." At which there was a great sound of weeping and of triumph, and the little Pilgrim could not contain herself, but cried out too in joy as if for a deliverance. And then the poet told his tale. And as he told them of the man who was poor and sorrowful and alone, and how he loved and was not loved again, and trusted and was betrayed, and was tempted and drawn into the darkness, so that it seemed as if he must perish; but when hope was almost gone, turned again from the edge of despair, and confronted all his enemies, and fought and conquered—the people followed every word with great outcries of love and pity and wonder. For each one as he listened remembered his own career and that of his brethren in the old life, and admired to think that all the evil was past, and wondered that out of such tribulation and through so many dangers all were safe and blessed here. And there were others that were not of them, who listened, some seated at the windows of the palaces and some standing in the great square—people who were not like the others, whose bearing was more majestic, and who looked upon the crowd all smiling and weeping, with wonder and interest, but had no knowledge of the cause, and listened as it were to a tale that is told. The poet and his audience were as one, and at every period of the story there was a deep breathing and pause, and every one looked at his neighbour, and some grasped each other's hands as they remembered all that was in the past; but the strangers

listened and gazed and observed all, as those who listen and are instructed in something beyond their knowledge. The little Pilgrim stood all this time not knowing where she was, so intent was she upon the tale, and as she listened it seemed to her that all her own life was rolling out before her, and she remembered the things that had been, and perceived how all had been shaped and guided, and trembled a little for the brother who was in danger, yet knew that all would be well.

The woman who had been at her side listened too with all her heart, saying to herself as she stood in the crowd, "He has left nothing out! The little days they were so short, and the skies would change all in a moment and one's heart with them. How he brings it all back!" And she put up her hand to dry away a tear from her eyes, though her face all the time was shining with the recollection. The little Pilgrim was glad to be by the side of a woman after talking with so many men, and she put out her hand and touched the cloak that this lady wore, and which was white and of the most beautiful texture, with gold threads woven in it, or something that looked like gold. "Do you like," she said, "to think of the old time?"

The woman turned and looked down upon her, for she was tall and stately, and immediately took the hand of the little Pilgrim into hers, and held it without answering, till the poet had ended and come down from the place where he had been standing. He came straight through the crowd to where this lady stood, and said something to her. "You did well to tell me," looking at her with love in his eyes—not the tender sweetness of all those kind looks around, but the love that is for one. The little Pilgrim looked at them with her heart beating, and was very glad for them, and happy in herself, for she had not seen this love before since she came into the city, and it had troubled her to think that perhaps it did not exist

any more. "I am glad," the lady said, and gave him her other hand; "but here is a little sister who asks me something and I must answer her. I think she has but newly come."

"She has a face full of the morning," the poet said. It did the little Pilgrim good to feel the touch of the warm, soft hand, and she was not afraid, but lifted her eyes and spoke to the lady and to the poet. "It is beautiful what you said to us. Sometimes in the old time we used to look up to the beautiful skies and wonder what there was above the clouds, but we never thought that up here in this great city you would be thinking of what we were doing, and making beautiful poems all about us. We thought that you would sing wonderful psalms, and talk of things high, high above us."

"The little sister does not know what the meaning of the earth is," the poet said. "It is but a little speck, but it is the centre of all. Let her walk with us, and we will go home, and you will tell her, Ama, for I love to hear you talk."

"Will you come with us?" the lady said.

And the little Pilgrim's heart leaped up in her, to think she was now going to see a home in this wonderful city; and they went along, hand in hand, and though they were three together, and many were coming and going, there was no difficulty, for every one made way for them. And there was a little murmur of pleasure as the poet passed, and those who had heard his poem made obeisance to him, and thanked him, and thanked the Father for him that he was able to show them so many beautiful things. And they walked along the street which was shining with colour, and saw as they passed how the master painter had come to his work, and was standing upon the balcony where the little Pilgrim had been, and bringing out of the wall, under his hand, faces which were full of life, and which seemed to spring forth as if they had been hidden there. "Let us

wait a little and see him working," the poet said: and all round about the people stopped on their way, and there was a soft cry of pleasure and praise all through the beautiful street. And the painter with whom the little Pilgrim had talked before came, and stood behind her as if he had been an old friend, and called out to her at every new touch to mark how this and that was done. She did not understand as he did, but she saw how beautiful it was, and she was glad to have seen the great painter, as she had been glad to hear the great poet. It seemed to the little Pilgrim as if everything happened well for her, and that no one had ever been so blessed before. And to make it all more sweet, this new friend, this great and sweet lady, always held her hand, and pressed it softly when something more lovely appeared; and even the pictured faces on the wall seemed to beam upon her, as they came out one by one like the stars in the sky. Then the three went on again, and passed by many more beautiful palaces, and great streets leading away into the light, till you could see no further; and they met with bands of singers who sang so sweetly that the heart seemed to leap out of the Pilgrim's breast to meet with them, for above all things this was what she had loved most. And out of one of the palaces there came such glorious music, that everything she had seen and heard before seemed as nothing in comparison. And amid all these delights they went on and on, but without wearying, till they came out of the streets into lovely walks and alleys, and made their way to the banks of a great river, which seemed to sing too, a soft melody of its own.

And here there were some fair houses surrounded by gardens and flowers that grew everywhere, and the doors were all open, and within everything was lovely and still, and ready for rest if you were weary. The little Pilgrim was not weary, but the lady placed her upon a couch in the porch, where the pillars and the roof were

all formed of interlacing plants and flowers ; and there they sat with her, and talked, and explained to her many things. They told her that the earth though so small was the place in all the world to which the thoughts of those above were turned. "And not only of us who have lived there, but of all our brothers in the other worlds ; for we are the race which the Father has chosen to be the example. In every age there is one that is the scene of the struggle and the victory, and it is for this reason that the chronicles are made, and that we are all placed here to gather the meaning of what has been done among men. And I am one of those," the lady said, "that go back to the dear earth and gather up the tale of what our little brethren are doing. I have not to succour like some others, but only to see and bring the news ; and he makes them into great poems as you have heard ; and sometimes the master painter will take one and make of it a picture ; and there is nothing that is so delightful to us as when we can bring back the histories of beautiful things."

"But, oh," said the little Pilgrim, "what can there be on earth so beautiful as the meanest thing that is here?"

Then they both smiled upon her and said, "It is more beautiful than the most beautiful thing here to see how, under the low skies and in the short days, a soul will turn to our Father. And sometimes," said Ama, "when I am watching, one will wander and stray, and be led into the dark till my heart is sick ; then come back and make me glad. Sometimes I cry out within myself to the Father, and say, 'Oh, my Father, it is enough!' and it will seem to me that it is not possible to stand by and see his destruction. And then while you are gazing, while you are crying, he will recover and return, and go on again. And to the angels it is more wonderful than to us, for they have never lived there. And all the other worlds are eager to hear what we can tell

them. For no one knows except the Father how the battle will turn, or when it will all be accomplished ; and there are some who tremble for our little brethren. For to look down and see how little light there is, and how no one knows what may happen to him next, makes them afraid who never were there."

The little Pilgrim listened with an intent face, clasping her hands, and said—

"But it never could be that our Father should be overcome by evil. Is not that known in all the worlds?"

Then the lady turned and kissed her : and the poet broke forth in singing, and said—"Faith is more heavenly than heaven ; it is more beautiful than the angels. It is the only voice that can answer to our Father. We praise Him, we glorify Him, we love His name, but there is but one response to Him through all the worlds, and that is the cry of the little brothers, who see nothing and know nothing, but believe that He will never fail."

At this the little Pilgrim wept, for her heart was touched : but she said—

"We are not so ignorant : for we have our Lord who is our Brother, and He teaches us all that we require to know."

Upon this the poet rose and lifted up his hands and sang again a great song ; it was in the other language which the little Pilgrim still did not understand, but she could make out that it sounded like a great proclamation that He was wise as He was good, and called upon all to see that the Lord had chosen the only way : and the sound of the poet's voice was like a great trumpet sounding bold and sweet, as if to tell this to those who were far away.

"For you must know," said the Lady Ama, who all the time held the Pilgrim's hand, "that it is permitted to all to judge according to the wisdom that has been given them. And there are some who think that our dear Lord might have found another way, and that wait, sometimes

with trembling, lest He should fail: but not among us who have lived on earth, for we know. And it is our work to show to all the worlds that His way never fails, and how wonderful it is, and beautiful above all that heart has conceived. And thus we justify the ways of God who is our Father. But in the other worlds there are many who will continue to fear until the history of the earth is all ended and the chronicles are made complete."

"And will that be long?" the little Pilgrim cried, feeling in her heart that she would like to go to all the worlds and tell them of our Lord, and of His love, and how the thought of Him makes you strong; and it troubled her a little to hear her friends speak of the low skies and the short days, and the dimness of that dear country which she had left behind, in which there were so many still whom she loved.

Upon this Ama shook her head, and said that of that day no one knew, not even our Lord, but only the Father: and then she smiled and answered the little Pilgrim's thought. "When we go back," she said, "it is not as when we lived there: for now we see all the dangers of it and the mysteries which we did not see before. It was by the Father's dear love that we did not see what was around us and about us while we lived there, for then our hearts would have fainted: and that makes us wonder now that any one endures to the end."

"You are a great deal wiser than I am," said the little Pilgrim; "but though our hearts had fainted how could we have been overcome? for He was on our side."

At this neither of them made any reply at first, but looked at her; and at length the poet said that she had brought many thoughts back to his mind, and how he had himself been almost worsted when one like her came to him and gave strength to his soul. "For that He was on our side was the only thing she knew," he said, "and all that could be learned or discovered was not worthy of naming

beside it. And this I must tell when next I speak to the people, and how our little sister brought it to my mind."

And then they paused from this discourse, and the little Pilgrim looked round upon the beautiful houses and the fair gardens, and she said—

"You live here? and do you come home at night?—but I do not mean at night, I mean when your work is done. And are they poets like you that dwell all about in these pleasant places, and the——"

She would have said the children, but stopped, not knowing if perhaps it might be unkind to speak of the children when she saw none there.

Upon this the lady smiled once more, and said—

"The door stands open always, so that no one is shut out, and the children come and go when they will. They are children no longer, and they have their appointed work like him and me."

"And you are always among those you love?" the Pilgrim said; upon which they smiled again and said—"We all love each other," and the lady held her hand in both of hers, and caressed it, and softly laughed and said—"You know only the little language. When you have been taught the other you will learn many beautiful things."

She rested for some time after this, and talked much with her new friends: and then there came into the heart of the little Pilgrim a longing to go to the place which was appointed for her, and which was her home, and to do the work which had been given her to do. And when the lady saw this she rose and said that she would accompany her a little upon her way. But the poet bid her farewell and remained under the porch, with the green branches shading him, and the flowers twining round the pillars, and the open door of this beautiful house behind him. When she looked back upon him he waved his hand to her as if bidding her God speed, and the lady by her

side looked back too and waved her hand, and the little Pilgrim felt tears of happiness come to her eyes; for she had been wondering with a little disappointment to see that the people in the city, except those who were strangers, were chiefly alone, and not like those in the old world where the husband and wife go together. It consoled her to see again two who were one. The lady pressed her hand in answer to her thought, and bade her pause a moment and look back into the city as they passed the end of the great street out of which they came. And then the Pilgrim was more and more consoled for she saw many who had before been alone now walking together hand in hand.

"It is not as it was," Ama said. "For all of us have work to do which is needed for the worlds, and it is no longer needful that one should sit at home while the other goes forth; for our work is not for our life as of old, or for ourselves, but for the Father who has given us so great a trust. And, little sister, you must know that though we are not so great as the angels, nor as many that come to visit us from the other worlds, yet we are nearer to Him. For we are in His secret, and it is ours to make it clear."

The little Pilgrim's heart was very full to hear this; but she said—

"I was never clever, nor knew much. It is better for me to go away to my little border-land, and help the strangers who do not know the way."

"Whatever is your work is the best," the lady said; "but though you are so little you are in the Father's secret too; for it is nature to you to know what the others cannot be sure of, that we must have the victory at the last. So that we have this between us, the Father and we. And though all are His children, we are of the kindred of God, because of our Lord who is our Brother;" and then the Lady Ama kissed her, and bade her when she returned to the great city, either for rest or for love, or because the Father sent for her, that she

should come to the house by the river. "For we are friends for ever," she said, and so threw her white veil over her head, and was gone upon her mission, whither the little Pilgrim did not know.

And now she found herself at a distance from the great city which shone in the light with its beautiful towers, and roofs, and all its monuments, softly fringed with trees, and set in a heavenly firmament. And the Pilgrim thought of those words that described this lovely place as a bride adorned for her husband, and did not wonder at him who had said that her streets were of gold and her gates of pearl, because gold and pearls and precious jewels were as nothing to the glory and the beauty of her. The little Pilgrim was glad to have seen these wonderful things, and her mind was like a cup running over with almost more than it could contain. It seemed to her that there never could be a time when she should want for wonder and interest and delight so long as she had this to think of. Yet she was not sorry to turn her back upon the beautiful city, but went on her way singing in unutterable content, and thinking over what the lady had said, that we were in God's secret, more than all the great worlds above and even the angels, because of knowing how it is that in darkness and doubt, and without any open vision, a man may still keep the right way. The path lay along the bank of the river which flowed beside her and made the air full of music, and a soft air blew across the running stream and breathed in her face and refreshed her, and the birds sang in all the trees. And as she passed through the villages the people came out to meet her, and asked of her if she had come from the city, and what she had seen there. And everywhere she found friends, and kind voices that gave her greeting. But some would ask her why she still spoke the little language, though it was sweet to their ears; and others when they heard it hastened to call from the houses and



the fields some among them who knew the other tongue but a little, and who came and crowded round the little Pilgrim and asked her many questions both about the things she had been seeing and about the old time. And she perceived that the village folk were a simple folk, not learned and wise like those she had left. And that though they lived within sight of the great city, and showed every stranger the beautiful view of it, and the glory of its towers, yet few among them had travelled there; for they were so content with their fields and their river, and the shade of their trees, and the birds singing, and their simple life, that they wanted no change; though it pleased them to receive the little Pilgrim, and they brought her in to their villages rejoicing, and called every one to see her. And they told her that they had all been poor and laboured hard in the old time, and had never rested; so that now it was the Father's good pleasure that they should enjoy great peace and consolation among the fresh-breathing fields and on the riverside, so that there were many who even now had little occupation except to think of the Father's goodness, and to rest. And they told her how the Lord Himself would come among them, and sit down under a tree, and tell them one of His parables, and make them all more happy than words could say; and how sometimes He would send one out of the beautiful city, with a poem or tale to say to them, and bands of lovely music, more lovely than anything beside, except the sound of the Lord's own voice. "And what is more wonderful, the angels themselves come often and listen to us," they said, "when we begin to talk and remind each other of the old time, and how we suffered heat and cold, and were bowed down with labour, and bending over the soil, and how sometimes the harvest would fail us, and sometimes we had not bread, and sometimes would hush the children to sleep because there was nothing to give them; and how we grew old and weary, and still

worked on and on." "We are those who were old," a number of them called out to her, with a murmuring sound of laughter, one looking over another's shoulder. And one woman said, "The angels say to us, 'Did you never think the Father had forsaken you and the Lord forgotten you?'" And all the rest answered as in a chorus, "There were moments that we thought this; but all the time we knew that it could not be." "And the angels wonder at us," said another. All this they said, crowding one before another, every one anxious to say something, and sometimes speaking together, but always in accord. And then there was a sound of laughter and pleasure, both at the strange thought that the Lord could have forgotten them, and at the wonder of the angels over their simple tales. And immediately they began to remind each other, and say, "Do you remember?" and they told the little Pilgrim a hundred tales of the hardships and troubles they had known, all smiling and radiant with pleasure; and at every new account the others would applaud and rejoice, feeling the happiness all the more for the evils that were past. And some of them led her into their gardens to show her their flowers, and to tell her how they had begun to study and learn how colours were changed and form perfected, and the secrets of the growth and of the germ of which they had been ignorant. And others arranged themselves in choirs, and sang to her delightful songs of the fields, and accompanied her out upon her way, singing and answering to each other. The difference between the simple folk and the greatness of the others made the little Pilgrim wonder and admire, and she loved them in her simplicity, and turned back many a time to wave her hand to them, and to listen to the lovely simple singing as it went further and further away. It had an evening tone of rest and quietness, and of protection and peace. "He leadeth me by the green pastures and beside the quiet waters,"



she said to herself: and her heart swelled with pleasure to think that it was those who had been so old, and so weary and poor, who had this rest to console them for all their sorrows.

And as she went along, not only did she pass through many other villages, but met many on the way who were travelling towards the great city, and would greet her sweetly as they passed, and sometimes stop to say a pleasant word, so that the little Pilgrim was never lonely wherever she went. But most of them began to speak to her in the other language, which was as beautiful and sweet as music, but which she could not understand: and they were surprised to find her ignorant of it, not knowing that she was but a new-comer into these lands. And there were many things that could not be told but in that language, for the earthly tongue had no words to express them. The little Pilgrim was a little sad not to understand what was said to her, but cheered herself with the thought that it should be taught to her by one whom she loved best. The way by the riverside was very cheerful and bright, with many people coming and going, and many villages, some of them with a bridge across the stream, some withdrawn among the fields, but all of them bright and full of life, and with sounds of music, and voices, and footsteps: and the little Pilgrim felt no weariness, and moved along as lightly as a child, taking great pleasure in everything she saw, and answering all the friendly greetings with all her heart, yet glad to think that she was approaching ever nearer to the country where it was ordained that she should dwell for a time and succour the strangers, and receive those who were newly arrived. And she consoled herself with the thought that there was no need of any language but that which she knew. As this went through her mind making her glad she suddenly became aware of one who was walking by her side, a lady who was covered with a veil

white and shining like that which Ama had worn in the beautiful city. It hung about this stranger's head so that it was not easy to see her face, but the sound of her voice was very sweet in the pilgrim's ear, yet startled her like the sound of something which she knew well, but could not remember. And as there were few who were going that way, she was glad and said, "Let us walk together, if that pleases you." And the stranger said, "It is for that I have come," which was a reply which made the little Pilgrim wonder more and more, though she was very glad and joyful to have this companion upon her way. And then the lady began to ask her many questions, not about the city, or the great things she had seen, but about herself, and what the dear Lord had given her to do.

"I am little and weak, and I cannot do much," the little Pilgrim said. "It is nothing but pleasure. It is to welcome those that are coming, and tell them. Sometimes they are astonished and do not know. I was so myself. I came in my sleep, and understood nothing. But now that I know, it is sweet to tell them that they need not fear."

"I was glad," the lady said, "that you came in your sleep: for sometimes the way is dark and hard, and you are little and tender. When your brother comes you will be the first to see him, and show him the way."

"My brother! is he coming?" the little Pilgrim cried. And then she said with a wistful look, "But we are all brethren, and you mean only one of those who are the children of our Father. You must forgive me that I do not know the higher speech, but only what is natural, for I have not yet been long here."

"He whom I mean is called—" and here the lady said a name which was the true name of a brother born, whom the Pilgrim loved above all others. She gave a cry, and then she said trembling, "I know your voice,

but I cannot see your face. And what you say makes me think of many things. No one else has covered her face when she has spoken to me. I know you, and yet I cannot tell who you are."

The woman stood for a little without saying a word, and then very softly, in a voice which only the heart heard, she called the little Pilgrim by her name.

"MOTHER," cried the Pilgrim, with such a cry of joy that it echoed all about in the sweet air, and flung herself upon the veiled lady, and drew the veil from her face, and saw that it was she. And with this sight there came a revelation which flooded her soul with happiness. For the face which had been old and feeble was old no longer, but fair in the maturity of day; and the figure that had been bent and weary was full of a tender majesty, and the arms that clasped her about were warm and soft with love and life. And all that had changed their relations in the other days and made the mother in her weakness seem as a child, and transferred all protection and strength to the daughter, was gone for ever: and the little Pilgrim beheld in a rapture one who was her sister and equal, yet ever above her—more near to her than any, though all were so near—one of whom she herself was a part, yet another, and who knew all her thoughts and the way of them before they arose in her. And to see her face as in the days of her prime, and her eyes so clear and wise, and to feel once more that which is different from the love of all, that which is still most sweet where all is sweet, the love of one—was like a crown to her in her happiness. The little Pilgrim could not think for joy, nor say a word, but held this dear mother's hands and looked in her face, and her heart soared away to the Father in thanks and joy. They sat down by the roadside under the shade of the trees, while the river ran softly by, and everything was hushed out of sym-

pathy and kindness, and questioned each other of all that had been and was to be. And the little Pilgrim told all the little news of home, and of the brothers and sisters and the children that had been born, and of those whose faces were turned towards this better country; and the mother smiled and listened and would have heard all over and over, although many things she already knew. "But why should I tell you, for did not you watch over us and see all we did, and were not you near us always?" the little Pilgrim said.

"How could that be?" said the mother; "for we are not like our Lord, to be everywhere. We come and go where we are sent. But sometimes we knew and sometimes saw, and always loved. And whenever our hearts were sick for news it was but to go to Him, and He told us everything. And now, my little one, you are as we are, and have seen the Lord. And this has been given us, to teach our child once more, and show you the heavenly language, that you may understand all, both the little and the great."

Then the Pilgrim lifted her head from her mother's bosom, and looked in her face with eyes full of longing. "You said 'we,'" she said.

The mother did nothing but smile; then lifted her eyes and looked along the beautiful path of the river to where some one was coming to join them; and the little Pilgrim cried out again, in wonder and joy; and presently found herself seated between them, her father and her mother, the two who had loved her most in the other days. They looked more beautiful than the angels and all the great persons whom she had seen; for still they were hers and she was theirs more than all the angels and all the blessed could be. And thus she learned that though the new may take the place of the old, and many things may blossom out of it like flowers, yet that the old is never done away. And then they sat together,

telling of everything that had befallen, and all the little tender things that were of no import, and all the great changes and noble ways, and the wonders of heaven above and the earth beneath, for all were open to them, both great and small; and when they had satisfied their souls with these, her father and mother began to teach her the other language, smiling often at her faltering tongue, and telling her the same thing over and over till she learnt it; and her father called her his little foolish one, as he had done in the old days; and at last, when they had kissed her and blessed her, and told her how to come home to them when she was weary, they gave her, as the Father had permitted them, with joy and blessing, her new name.

The little Pilgrim was tired with happiness and all the wonder and pleasure, and as she sat there in the silence, leaning upon those who were so dear to her, the soft air grew sweeter and sweeter about her, and the light faded softly into a dimness of tender indulgence and privilege for her, because she was still little and weak. And whether that heavenly suspense of all her faculties was sleep or not she knew not, but it was such as in all her life she had never known. When she came back to herself, it was by the sound of many voices calling her, and many people hastening past and beckoning to her to join them.

"Come, come," they said, "little sister: there has been great trouble in the other life, and many have arrived suddenly and are afraid. Come, come, and help them—come and help them!"

And she sprang up from her soft seat, and found that she was no longer by the river-side, or within sight of the great city, or in the arms of those she loved, but stood on one of the flowery paths of her own border land, and saw her fellows hastening towards

the gates where there seemed a great crowd. And she was no longer weary, but full of life and strength, and it seemed to her that she could take them up in her arms, those trembling strangers, and carry them straight to the Father, so strong was she, and light, and full of force. And above all the gladness she had felt, and all her pleasure in what she had seen, and more happy even than the meeting with those she loved most, was her happiness now, as she went along as light as the breeze to receive the strangers. She was so eager that she began to sing a song of welcome as she hastened on. "Oh, welcome, welcome!" she cried; and as she sang she knew it was one of the heavenly melodies which she had heard in the great city: and she hastened on, her feet flying over the flowery ways, thinking how the great worlds were all watching, and the angels looking on, and the whole universe waiting till it should be proved to them that the dear Lord, the Brother of us all, had chosen the perfect way, and that over all evil and the sorrow He was the Conqueror alone.

And the little Pilgrim's voice, though it was so small, echoed away through the great firmament to where the other worlds were watching to see what should come, and cheered the anxious faces of some great lords and princes far more great than she, who were of a nobler race than man; for it was said among the stars that when such a little sound could reach so far, it was a token that the Lord had chosen aright, and that His method must be the best. And it breathed over the earth like some one saying Courage! to those whose hearts were failing; and it dropped down, down, into the great confusions and traffic of the Land of Darkness, and startled many, like the cry of a child calling and calling, and never ceasing, "Come! and come! and come!"

## THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LAND LAWS.

THERE are some laws and institutions which can be explained systematically, and others which can only be explained historically. Some are the work of designers who had in their minds a definite plan, so that by knowing this plan we can understand the frame and composition of the structure which they produce. Others are not the work of any one designing mind, or of several minds acting in concert, but of the combined effects of design and accident working at different times, in different ways, and for different purposes. There is no single key to their structure, and we can understand them in their present shape only by tracing out piecemeal how every part of them has come to what it is. The body of English laws and customs which we call the law of real property belongs to this latter class. It has no unity of design, and such unity of form as it has is deceptive. It is the result of an extremely curious and complicated series of historical accidents. This fact has been ignored until of late years. Enormous ingenuity has been expended by many generations of learned men on the attempt to represent our land laws as a homogeneous and rational system, with the result of introducing worse confusion at every step. The ground has become one on which even many lawyers are afraid to venture far, and to all but lawyers and historians it is a pathless jungle. It appears to me that in such a case the only promising way of getting clear ideas of one's own, and the only chance of imparting them to other people, is to regard the so-called system as a body of historical facts which have to be accounted for by showing how they came there, and to renounce the enter-

prise of accounting for them in any other way.

One of the commonest epithets we hear applied to the land laws of England is *feudal*. Apparently some people think our existing real property law is a sort of complete code of feudalism. If it were, it would be far simpler than it is, and in a certain way far more rational. I suspect, however, that this unhappy word *feudal* is more commonly used as a vague term of dislike by people who attach no distinct meaning to it. Long ago I read in the address of a candidate for Parliament something about "the feudal luxuries of primogeniture and entail." Now primogeniture is in one sense older than the feudal system, and in another sense younger, and the system of family settlement, called entail in modern popular language, is much younger. The truth is that feudalism, like many other things, has left a pretty deep mark on our land laws. But the law as it exists is not a feudal law; it is only a law which has passed through a feudal stage. It was in that stage when its technical language became fixed, and hence feudalism has a predominance in the form and the terms of the law which is out of proportion to its share in the real substance. Our land system was most nearly feudal about the beginning of the thirteenth century, or say seven hundred years ago. But even then the feudal scheme was not an account of what things really were, but a theory framed by lawyers of what they ought to be. And subsequent legislation has pared away one piece of feudal doctrine after another, until there is really very little of it left save in name. Customs and usages which have nothing to do with the feudal system,

and are really far more ancient, have held their own in spite of all discouragement, and on the other hand the commerce and industry of modern times have called for new forms of dealing with land. Yet the feudal theory disguised its failure in substance by clinging tightly to the form, and disguised it with wonderful success. Ancient rights and customs were, and still are, justified in courts of law by the strangest fictions, and at this day the most ordinary conveyance or lease contains words which have lost their real meaning for centuries.

This English land law, then, is a very complex thing. It is useless to pretend that the knowledge of it is easy or simple; but it may partly simplify matters if we look on it as a strand woven of three distinct threads. One of these is the feudal system of tenures. Another is the ancient customary law which was older than feudalism, and has to some extent survived it. The third is what I shall call the commercial element; I mean the modern way of treating land as a kind of merchandise, a matter of trading, bargain, and profit like anything else. For a long time the commercial element has tended to prevail, but it prevails slowly; and all three may be found side by side in the law as it now stands. Let me try to show the contrast by an example. I will invite the reader to suppose himself out walking with me on a Kent or Surrey common. And let us suppose that the owner of some great mansion-house admits us (being, as I hope we are, decent people who respect a gentleman's hospitality, and love nature, too well to leave old newspapers and bottles about his park, and cut our names on his trees and benches, and such like signs of gratitude) to walk through his grounds and enjoy from some choice commanding spot the view over them and far beyond. And then we may see, perhaps, over against us an open hill bright with gorse and heather, and

fringed with woods. That is what lawyers call the waste of the manor, and the people (who know better) call common land. On this land various persons have rights of putting beasts to graze, cutting turf and underwood, and so forth. And lower down there are fields which from harvest time, or Old Lammas-day, to Lady-day have been open for pasture—Lammas lands they are called—and which after Lady-day were inclosed again, so to remain until August comes round and they are common once more. Well, these rights of common and customs of common pasture are the oldest part of our land system. The law-books will tell us that they have something to do with a grant from the lord of the manor; but as we are not now in a law court, we may say plainly that they existed centuries before manors or lords of a manor were thought of. Harvest time after harvest time those fields have been laid open for pasture a thousand years or more.

Now let us turn round and look at the park itself and the manor-house, and the bit of home farm which lies just under us beyond the inclosure of the park. Here we get the feudal element. The lord of this domain is himself a tenant in the eye of the law. His lands are held of the Crown, or it may be of some other lord who himself holds of the Crown. I need hardly say that a lord in this sense has nothing to do with the peerage. The lord of a manor may be and constantly is a commoner. Indeed lords of manors, though more recent than many existing institutions and usages, are older than the peerage and the House of Lords.<sup>1</sup> The lord's predecessors in title were bound in old times to render fixed military services as the condition of enjoying their

<sup>1</sup> Unless, with Mr. Freeman, we allow the House of Lords to represent the Witan; and even in that case the personal relation of lord and man, which is among the oldest of Teutonic institutions, had begun to assume a territorial character at an earlier time than we can at present fix.

ands. Other dues were payable on various occasions, and perhaps some weapon of war or part of warlike equipment had to be rendered to the Crown at one of the chief annual feast-days. At the present day the military tenures exist no more. They became so burdensome that they were abolished under the Commonwealth, and one of the first Acts of the Restoration was to confirm the abolition. Often the military services were commuted for money rents in ancient times. These rents, reduced to a merely nominal amount by changes in the standard of the coinage and the value of the precious metals, are in many cases to be found existing at this day under the name of quit-rents. Our lord of the manor is thus freed from the old burdens of his feudal tenure; but when these burdens were real, he had likewise honours and privileges which have now become a mere shadow. He was a kind of little prince in his domain, holding his own courts, and doing judgment therein. And so he still is in legal theory, but his jurisdiction has ceased to be of any practical importance. The county court, the petty sessions, and the modern machinery of local government, have superseded the manorial courts. The courts are still held, but they serve only to record the titles of the copyhold tenants of the manor, and to collect the lord's dues. In the court rolls of manors we have one of our most curious links with antiquity. The form goes on unchanged while the substance has long passed away. The lord of a manor is as it were the lord of an enchanted castle, where the ghosts of a departed world may be called up by the antiquary who knows the spell.

But in yet another way the lord of our manor-house has been cut short. We say the place belongs to him, and call him its owner. But he is not really the owner. He has no control over the estate after his own life. It is entailed, as we say. Another relic of feudalism, the reader may exclaim.

We are sorry to contradict the reader, but that is just what it is not. The plan of the modern family settlement, which has produced the modern "limited owner," and is the cause of all the demand—a just demand in my opinion—for what is called free land, or free trade in land, is about two centuries and a quarter old. It was invented by two ingenious lawyers in the latter part of the Commonwealth time, as a matter of private enterprise, and in the interest of their clients.

Then there is the bit of home farm which we had almost forgotten. It is kept in hand and managed by the lord himself or his agent. This is now an exceptional way of using land; sometimes it is the owner's fancy, sometimes the necessity of a bad season. During a great part of the Middle Ages, however, it was the rule; so that here we have another little piece of antiquity. Now look farther out over the level stretch of arable fields and pastures between our post of observation and the waste hill-side. These are the holdings of tenant-farmers who represent the commercial element of modern land-holding. Their tenure is so little feudal that the feudal system could barely find room for it. English law regards a leaseholder's interest as *personal* and not *real* estate; in other words, allows it to be dealt with in a far more simple and rational manner than other interests in land. Nevertheless there is in the relations of the farmer to his landlord a conflict between the commercial and the feudal elements of the law. The tenant is hampered on the one hand by dealing with a landlord who is not full owner, and on the other hand he still feels the pressure of laws made in a time when the interest of tenants was not represented among legislators or adequately present to the minds of judges.

So far our imaginary view of an English landed estate. Now let us trace in outline the fashion in which the several elements of the law that governs it have grown up and been



moulded in course of time. First, as to the part which is founded on customs older than feudalism. Before the Norman Conquest, the tenure<sup>1</sup> of land in England was, as I believe, almost entirely governed by local custom. Some authorities tell us there was greater freedom of ownership and alienation before the Conquest than after, and in particular that people could dispose of their lands by will. I must with all respect differ from them. I think they have mistaken exceptional privileges granted to eminent persons for the common type of ownership. There is no doubt that the English kings, with the needful consent of their Witan, made large grants of public land, or rather of the revenues and lordship of public lands, to religious houses and also to individuals. And the grants to individuals conferred powers of alienation which sometimes were limited, but often to all appearance as unlimited as those of a modern tenant in fee simple. We know likewise that the holders of land under such gifts exercised some power (though not always an absolute power) of disposing of them by will. But this tells us nothing about the smaller folk who owned or occupied land without a special grant from the king. If we may infer anything, I think it is that the rights conferred by these particular grants were abnormal. In any case the grants to religious houses and great men do not account for the bulk of occupying owners. Those owners, even when they had been reduced to a sort of feudal dependence on the greater lords (a process which had been carried a long way before the Conquest), went on holding, tilling and inheriting their lands according to the old customs of the country. And

there is no reason to believe that the Conquest made very much difference to them. The great men who resisted had their lands confiscated: the lesser men were in the main let alone, and merely paid their dues and services to a new lord.<sup>2</sup>

Do we know anything, then, of the customs of English land tenure before the feudal period? Something we know by documents of the age of the Conquest or thereabouts. But we may know a good deal more by traditions which, though decaying, are still alive. If I were asked what I thought were the ancient customs of a particular county (for there were certainly local differences), I should be disposed to answer: Show me the existing copyhold customs of one or two manors in the county where the court rolls have been fairly well kept, and I will give you a pretty shrewd guess at what was the real property law of that county about the beginning of the eleventh century. Our modern copyholds are in fact ancient holdings in which the earlier English customs have remained unaffected, or have been only in part affected, by the feudal doctrines. They escaped by being too small for the lawyers to take notice of in the active period of feudalism. The king's courts dealt with the title to freehold estates, and soon reduced the law, with a few exceptions, to a uniform pattern. Copyholds were left to the local courts, and the local customs were maintained until, when the king's courts interfered at all, they could not help recognizing them. And so it happens that we find preserved in copyholds divers ancient forms of inheritance now very difficult to explain; not only equal division among sons or daughters on the holder's death (which in Kent survives in freeholds under the name of *gavelkind*),

<sup>1</sup> *Tenure* is not a strictly proper term, because it implies the feudal doctrine that land must be held of somebody, and the owner is at most a tenant on favourable terms. But I know of no other word that will do to take its place. Certainly not ownership, for before the Conquest there were plenty of occupiers who were not owners.

<sup>2</sup> It is impossible to enter here upon the reasons for the view I take of the relation of book-land to the general system of landholding before the Conquest. I have given a sketch of them in the *Law Magazine and Review* for February, 1882.

but the preference of the youngest son to the others, which is so common as to have the technical name of *borough-English*.<sup>1</sup>

On the other hand, we know that primogeniture is not altogether of feudal introduction, for we meet with it in some cases as the custom of particular tenures before it had become the general rule. There are other curious and evidently archaic incidents about copyhold and customary tenures, such as the mode of transfer, which is generally "by the rod," sometimes by a straw or other symbol. Nobody at this time of day can gravely assert, as Blackstone did, that all these usages were invented after the Conquest by people who had no security of tenure at all. The only rational conclusion is that these varying local customs are the most ancient part of our land laws, and that, however difficult the history may be to trace, they have subsisted for a thousand years or more without any real break. It is to be presumed that our ancestors found them convenient before the Conquest, and probably they clung to them with a kind of obstinate pride afterwards. But we can hardly doubt that the uniformity of law brought in by the Anglo-Norman

centralisation was on the whole an improvement, even if the local usages it superseded were sometimes more rational in themselves. All these local tenures and customs have in modern times been found very inconvenient, and they are now disappearing, modern legislation having provided for their gradual extinction. This is all the more reason why competent persons should study them while their records are accessible. These records ought in every case to be preserved; but a generation hence it may be nobody's business to preserve them.<sup>2</sup>

We have a great many other relics of old customary law. I have already mentioned the fields belonging to several owners which are thrown open as common pasture for all of them at certain times. This and other like usages were extremely common in many parts of England down to a recent time; and they go back to early customs which appear to have been common to all the Teutonic nations, and of which we can only say that they are described by Caesar and Tacitus, and there is no reason to suppose they were not ancient then. To the same class belong a sort of rights over land which have excited a good deal of practical interest lately,

<sup>1</sup> The name of gavelkind has in itself no particular connection with the rule of inheritance. It simply means rent-paying land. Perhaps neither name is strictly applicable to the corresponding custom in copyholds, but the thing is the same, and it is convenient to use the name indifferently for all but strictly technical purposes. The custom of borough-English abounds in Kent, Sussex, Surrey, the neighbourhood of London, and Somerset. In the midlands it is rare, and north of the Humber and the Mersey it does not seem to occur. The land is known, I am told, as *cradle-holding* in some parts of the south: a good and expressive term. Similar usages are found in the old customs of Brittany and Picardy, and even in quite modern times in many parts of Central Europe. See Mr. Elton's *Origins of English History*, pp. 183 sqq. The only plausible explanation yet suggested is that the custom dates from a time when the elder sons as they grew up in turn were provided for out of the still unallotted land of the community; the home-land thus being left for the youngest.

<sup>2</sup> I have assumed that the reader knows in some sort of general way the difference between freehold and copyhold land. An excellent account from the technical point of view may be found in the article "Manor" in the *Penny (or English) Cyclopædia*; but this point of view, unfortunately, perverts the history. The fundamental difference is that the freeholder's title depends only on the acts of his predecessors, and is evidenced by his title-deeds, whereas the copyholder's title depends on the act of the lord of the manor, and is evidenced by the record on the rolls of the manor court that the lord has admitted him as tenant. He is said to hold "at the will of the lord according to the custom of the manor:" the lord being bound (as I believe in most cases he always was) to exercise his will only according to the custom as defined by law. Since this paper was written, there has appeared Mr. Elton's little book, *Custom and Tenant Right*, which gives both the law and the true history, and will be found profitable and interesting by learned and unlearned readers alike.

and have made lawyers rub up much curious learning which had almost been forgotten—I mean rights of common. These have gone through curious changes of fortune. In their early days they were merely sources of profit to those who enjoyed them, and the history of their treatment by Parliament and the judges is the history of a contest between tenants and lords in which the lords long kept the upper hand. For one thing, the lords represented the ruling classes of society, and the laws were framed and administered, I do not say with any conscious injustice, but still from the point of view of those classes, and without adequate consideration of others. For another thing, rights of common did not fit into the feudal theory of law. That theory recognises no right in land which cannot be derived from some real or supposed original grant, either by the Crown as lord paramount or by a defined and particular owner. The courts tried to do substantial justice; the honesty of their endeavour is shown by the ingenious and almost desperate devices which were employed to get it done; but still they were bound in the pedantry of their theories, and when a theory, backed by the power of the State, comes into conflict with facts which do not suit it, the facts are apt to go to the wall. A great many ancient rights of common or of a like nature were disallowed, or enjoyed without legal sanction, though they were in truth quite as well established by usage as those which the judges did see their way to recognise. It is hard for the natural mind to perceive why the right to take peat from a bog, or cut fern or underwood in a forest, cannot be claimed in the same way as the right to play games on a village green, but only in a much more troublesome and artificial manner: but the decisions of the pedantic period of English jurisprudence have so settled it. That period may be said to have culminated in the last quarter of the sixteenth and first quarter of the seventeenth

centuries. English lawyers then firmly believed that the wonderfully artificial system they administered was the perfection of reason; and when they spoke of any consequence or doctrine as not convenient, they meant not so much that it would do any practical harm as that it was out of keeping with their assumed principles, or that it was, as a Roman lawyer would have said, inelegant. In this way they did, with the best of intentions and with a personal uprightness which at that time was almost singular in Europe, much mischief which can now hardly be undone.

A still more dangerous enemy of rights of common was the process of systematic inclosure of land that went on for about three centuries, and has been checked only in our own time. This was the work of economic and social causes which I cannot discuss now;<sup>1</sup> the process, however, was general and rapid. No doubt many illegal encroachments were made. We may guess at their extent by those which have been restrained since the change of public feeling in our own time. But inclosure was also promoted by the deliberate policy of Parliament, a policy thoroughly benevolent according to its light. It was thought a public virtue to bring as much land as possible under cultivation, and to the great inclosures of the sixteenth and seventeenth century made by landowners for their own profit, and often illegally, there succeeded the systematic legal inclosures of the eighteenth and the present century. Some injustice was done in these, not because the law failed to provide for compensation to all existing interests, but because those interests were determined by the too narrow standard of the legal theory previously established. Commoners

<sup>1</sup> This part of the subject has been dealt with by Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Thorold Rogers, and was worked out some twelve years ago in an excellent series of papers contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. Seebohm, but, unhappily, not republished.

who could prove a right of common such as the courts would allow got a bit of the land itself allotted to them on an inclosure. But there were probably as many who had enjoyed customary rights not satisfying the artificial conditions of the theory, or who did not know how to assert their rights in the proper artificial form, and who got nothing. All this time commons and rights of common were treated as concerning nobody but the lord on the one hand, and the tenants and other persons claiming rights over the land on the other. But at last it was discovered that commons had another kind of importance. The public became awake to the fact that they had a great interest in them, though not a legal interest. Where common rights exist, and the land is uncultivated, there is a recreation-ground and breathing-space for all people within reach of the place. For though the people at large have strictly no right to be on a common more than elsewhere, it is nobody's interest to keep them off. Thus enjoyment is secured to the public in an indirect way through the particular rights of the commoners, and it is the interest of the public to support these rights. It was a very long time before this was acted upon. Likely enough people thought they had an absolute right to amuse themselves on open spaces like Hampstead Heath and Wimbledon Common, until in both cases they discovered that their playground was in danger of being turned into building-land. The danger being once seen, a movement was set on foot to meet it, of which the beginning may be roughly fixed about twenty years ago. The aid of the courts was sought to restrain encroachments, and the increase of historical information enabled the courts to give judgments which would have been impossible and incredible to the judges of the Elizabethan period. In one case the late Lord Hatherley said, as nearly as a judge can say from the bench, that the real history of these

rights was quite different from what the books represented it to be. In the case of Epping Forest, which is still fresh in the public memory, certain peculiarities of the forest laws were made to do duty in a quite unexpected way for the preservation of the common against appropriations which the ordinary law could not well have dealt with. In Parliament, too, the policy of wholesale inclosures has been reversed. Several commons have been protected by special Acts, and the general Act passed in 1876 goes on the principle that regulation is to be preferred to inclosure except where it is clearly made out that inclosure will be for the benefit of the neighbourhood as well as of the commoners.

In this way the public at large may acquire a Parliamentary right to the use of commons which they had not before. Probably very few people know that they have a better right to walk on Wimbledon Common than to walk on Dartmoor: but it is so. Wimbledon Common has been dedicated to the public by Parliament. Dartmoor, or most of it, belongs to the Duchy of Cornwall, and in legal theory it must all belong to some one. It is subject to the rights of a good many people to put sheep to graze there, and to rights of turf-cutting. But people who are not exercising such rights are not strictly entitled to be there. Probably there is by this time a custom to use the moor for hunting which might be supported in a court of law, but I am not sure. Yet we feel quite as free of Dartmoor as of Wimbledon Common, because in practice nobody will, or very well can, disturb us. A great deal of our enjoyment of the country is, in strictness of law, merely tolerated trespassing; but then everybody knows it will be tolerated. The law trusts owners to use their rights reasonably, as on the whole they do. There is a pretty inscription on the tower that surmounts Leith Hill, one of the most beautiful spots in England. It relates that in the last century the tower was

built by the then lord of the manor "not only for his own pleasure but for that of his neighbours and all men": *Sumptibus Ricardi Hull . . . exstructa fuit oblectamento non sui solum sed vicinorum et omnium*. This is a pattern of the spirit in which the right sort of English landowners have acted. Historically, the reason why the public at large have so little strict right to be anywhere off a highway is that all ancient rights over land are local in extent, and limited to particular classes of persons. The commoner of old days was no less anxious to keep strangers from the next parish off the common than to keep the lord from encroaching on it. The notion of the public as such having rights or interests of this kind is later than the formation of our common law, and the law naturally fails, except by curious accidents, to provide for the wants of the public. There are sundry remains of ancient customary law which I have not mentioned, customs of the mining districts and others. Some of them may be older than the settlement of the English in Britain; the "tin-bounding" custom of Cornwall and Devon is almost certainly so. And it may well be thought that some of the copyhold customs of the western counties, where the tenure is still uncertain, are derived from the estate not of the poorest class of Englishmen, but of the British inhabitants who were degraded into serfs by the English conquest. These matters are of great interest in their own way, but they lie outside the general story of the land laws, and I must now pass them over.

Next we come to the feudal branch of the law. This I shall treat rather shortly for more than one reason. It is impossible to say much of it without going into technicalities, and into such matter I cannot expect my readers here to follow me. The feudal system became, one may say, the official and legal system of landholding after the Conquest. It was really a system of

military organisation for defence, and a very good one for the time. A great lord held his lands of the Crown, and was bound to furnish so many men-at-arms according to the extent of his holding. Under him were tenants who in turn were bound to him for their proportion of this force; and so on through descending stages till we come down to the real cultivators of the soil, who paid for their holdings either in labour or in money representing the estimated value of the labour-rent. Thus there is no such thing as absolute ownership in the system. Every landowner is the tenant of the king or of some inferior lord, and owes him not a mere commercial price for the use of the land, but personal allegiance and service. And to this day the law-books all tell us that there is no absolute owner of land in England. The services have wholly vanished, and the payments have all but vanished, but the feudal theory remains. I have already pointed out that it never fully corresponded to the facts; and we must now see how it was modified and transformed by the constant action of Parliament and the judges almost from the time when it attained its full growth.<sup>1</sup> As the system stood in the first half of the thirteenth century, the tenant had limited but still considerable powers of alienation (I am now using the word *tenant* in its feudal, not its modern popular sense), and there was nothing to prevent the creation of new tenures descending by any number of steps from the original chief tenure. If A held lands of the king, he might grant a part of them to B, who would then hold of A as his lord. B might grant to C, and would be C's lord in respect of that grant, and so on. Every tenant owed services only to his immediate lord, and knew nothing of any other superior, except that he owed in all events a paramount allegiance to the Crown; an exception of great importance, and

<sup>1</sup> "Pure feudalism had but a short life in England." Digby: *Hist. of Law of Real Property*, p. 33.



peculiar to England, where it was established by the Conqueror. Both these rules of law were found inconvenient by the great lords. Alienations and under-tenures tended to deprive them of their dues and services, and of the chance of the land itself coming back into their hands by the tenant's forfeiture or failure of heirs. Accordingly towards the end of the thirteenth century two statutes were passed which destroyed the pure feudal theory, and have profoundly affected the whole form of English land law. These are the statutes known as *De Donis* (A.D. 1285) and *Quia Emptores* (A.D. 1289-90). The second of these put a stop to the creation of new tenures, and thus materially simplified the law for the future. We need say nothing more of it here, save that in Scotland no corresponding change was ever made, and down to a very late time the Scottish land law was an almost perfect example of the feudal system: and it is still much more homogeneous than ours, though quite as artificial. The statute *De Donis*, on the other hand, established entails properly so called. Land granted to a man and his heirs in general terms would descend to his eldest son if he left any son, but if he left no children would go to his collateral heirs. He could not at that time give it by will, but he could alienate it in his lifetime as he pleased. Land might also be granted to a man and a limited class of his heirs, such as the "heirs of his body," or lineal descendants only, "the heirs male of his body," or lineal male descendants only, or other descriptions. The effect of such grants was that the original taker could not alienate the land until some one was in existence answering the description of those who were to succeed him as heirs, but as soon as there was such a person he could. If an estate was granted to A and the heirs of his body, A could alienate as soon as he had a child; if to A and the heirs male of his body, he could alienate as soon as he had a

son. The statute *De Donis* cut down this conditional freedom: whence the name "estate tail," *taillé*, or in technical Latin *talliatum*. It enabled an estate to be so granted to a man that after him it would go to his descendants, or to his descendants in the male or female line, and to those only, and that neither he nor his issue taking the land could alienate it. But this was soon found intolerable by everybody but the class of great landowners in whose interest the law was made, and the lawyers set to work to evade it. We must bear in mind that all through the mediæval period of English law professional opinion was strongly in favour of the free disposal of land, and against legislative restrictions; as it seems also to have been on the side of the free exercise of trade, and against restrictions of every kind in that department. It must also be remembered that the art of driving a coach and four through an Act of Parliament was then practised (if we may so speak of a time when coaches were not yet) with far more boldness than is possible now. For nearly two centuries unsuccessful attempts were made to induce Parliament to repeal or modify the statute *De Donis*, and in the meantime its operation was materially cut short by the application of technical doctrines which cannot be explained here. Their effect was to make it in many cases difficult or practically impossible for the issue of a tenant in tail to assert their rights against a purchaser from him. It was only in the latter part of the fifteenth century, however, that the judicial evasion of the statute became a finished work of art. The result was that thenceforth the tenant of an entailed estate could dispose of it, the statute notwithstanding, as effectually as if he were unfettered by the terms of the grant to him or his ancestor. As effectually, I say, not as easily: the process consisted in a judicial fiction called a common recovery, which it would be hopeless to explain in this place. Some three cen-



turies later a Chief Justice said that the reason of the operation of a recovery was in its nature inscrutable; and inscrutable it must remain for all but special students of the law. The process was intricate and costly, and required skilled advice to conduct it safely. Law reformers in later times denounced its absurdity; but it was the best thing that could be devised in its day. The general feeling of approval must have been strong, for Parliament made no attempt to restore the true intention of the statute. The simpler and more straightforward method of dealing with entailed estates which is now in use was provided not quite fifty years ago by an Act of the first Reformed Parliament.

Meanwhile the feudal structure was being undermined in another direction. Partly to avoid forfeiture for treason in times of civil war, partly to make dispositions of the beneficial enjoyment of lands which the common law did not recognise, the landowners established a plan of separating the apparent from the real ownership of their estates by means of what were called Uses. Let us take the simplest possible case. A was an active Lancastrian, let us say, and afraid that his estate might be forfeited if the house of York succeeded. He conveyed the land in proper legal form to B and C, two peaceable neighbours who were not likely to get into trouble, with a direction to hold it *to the use of* himself and his heirs. The king's ordinary courts of law would take no notice of this direction, and treated only B and C as the owners. But the newly growing Court of Chancery, which then really dispensed, as from the king in person, a kind of extraordinary and overriding justice, would enforce the use or trust of the land as binding on B and C in equity and good conscience. Or again, A wanted to dispose of his land by will. As the law stood it did not allow him to do this. But A could convey the land to B to be held by him *to the use of* such persons as A should name by his

last will: and this disposition would in like manner be enforced by the Chancellor.<sup>1</sup> By the same machinery new and complicated interests in land were created, to which the common law would have had nothing to say. The legal owner was held bound in conscience to execute the instructions of the person who had conveyed the land to him for that purpose; which meant that if he did not, the Chancellor would send him to prison for contempt. All this naturally tended to make titles doubtful and difficult to ascertain, because nobody could tell from the apparent dealings with the land what the real beneficial interests were. And, as before, the Crown and the chief lords were deprived of their dues. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century Parliament undertook to put an end to this condition of things by an heroic remedy. The Statute of Uses (A.D. 1535) was passed in order to prevent the severance of legal from beneficial ownership. Its intention was that the beneficial owner should in every case be also the legal owner, with the burdens as well as the benefits of that position. It declared that the "subtle inventions and practices" of secret dispositions of land were producing great inconvenience, and working "to the utter subversion of the ancient common laws of this realm," and proceeded, with great abundance of words, to restore, as was thought, the simplicity of the common law. The fate of this statute is about the most curious thing in legal history. It was closely followed, I should have said, by another measure intended to secure publicity in conveyances of land. Not only was a coach and four driven through the Statute of Uses within a short time by means of a wonderfully forced and subtle judicial construction, but it was made

<sup>1</sup> There was a not inconsiderable period (passed over in the text for simplicity's sake) before the jurisdiction of Chancery to enforce uses became settled, during which the beneficial owners really had nothing but the honour of their trustees to rely on. Even with this drawback the practice was common.

an engine for effecting the very opposite ends to those which were sought by its framers. Almost all the complication and the whole of the secrecy of modern conveyancing hangs upon the Statute of Uses. The full development came about a century later, when the modern form of "strict settlement" was invented, as it is said, by Sir Orlando Bridgman and Sir Geoffrey Palmer.<sup>1</sup> It was the device of practising conveyancers to meet the wishes and serve the interests of their landowning clients; there was no public discussion of it at the time; and considerations of the public welfare, we may safely say, had nothing to do with it. The technical difficulties overcome by this invention, and the manner of overcoming them, were such that I must again be excused from attempting any explanation. After the Restoration lawsuits began to arise upon these new fashioned settlements. The courts found themselves confronted by a new difficulty. There seemed to be nothing to prevent people from tying up land indefinitely. On the other hand the judges, still preserving something of the mediæval tradition of their order, were determined that this should not be done. To meet the threatened mischief they laid down a new rule, which is still in force. It is called the rule against<sup>2</sup> perpetuities, and forbids property to be restrained from alienation for a longer time than the end of twenty-one years after the death of some person who is living at the date of the will or settlement. At the end of that time there must be some one capable of making an absolute disposition. The so-called entailed estates of our own time are kept in a course of strict settlement only by making

a fresh settlement in each generation. Once more I abstain from any fuller description of the legal mechanism. An account sufficient for all ordinary purposes may be found not only in legal text-books, but in such easily accessible works as Mr. Brodrick's and the late Mr. Kay's. The effect is that in almost every case the apparent possessor for the time being has only a life interest.

This system, improved and simplified in form to some extent by the ingenuity of conveyancers and by technical amendments of the law itself, has now gone on for something more than two centuries; and I believe it is the most stringent form of limited ownership (except the inviolable entails which existed in Scotland until lately) that has ever prevailed so largely in any civilised country. The Restoration marks in two other points the substantial completion of our land laws in their modern form. The old military tenures were abolished and the land-tax was imposed by way of compensation to the Crown for the dues which it thereby lost; and as a consequence of this the power of disposing of land by will, which had been partially allowed in Henry VIII.'s reign, became unlimited.

So much for the feudal doctrines and their modern transformation. We now come to the law of landlord and tenant, which brought in the commercial element. Leases are of comparatively recent introduction in England. In a general way we may say that they grew as feudalism declined. They seem to have been first used by religious corporations as the most convenient way of managing their estates.<sup>3</sup> They were known as early as the thirteenth century, and increased in the latter part of the fourteenth, when the depopulation wrought by the Black Death, and the consequent dearth of labour, made it unprofitable for owners to farm their own land. They received

<sup>1</sup> The earliest distinct authority for this appears to be a statement made by Lord Hardwicke in the course of his judgment in a celebrated case (A.D. 1750), which no doubt correctly represents the professional tradition existing in his time.

<sup>2</sup> In the case of a will, the date not of its execution but of its taking effect, *i.e.* of the testator's death.

<sup>3</sup> A kind of lease of ecclesiastical lands, though not for years but for lives, was in use before the Conquest.

another extension in the period of great inclosures in the sixteenth century, as is shown by the statutes of that time. We have seen that the law of ownership of land, as apart from occupation, is a law of custom and customary tenure (for feudalism itself must be classed with customary bodies of law), repeatedly modified by legislation. The law of landlord and tenant is a law of contract supplemented partly by legislation and partly by custom. One very curious and ancient customary institution still clings to it, I mean the law of distress. In the early days of our forefathers, when cattle were the only movable property of any value, and the action of such courts of justice as there were was exceedingly slow and intricate, and moreover they had no means of compelling people to come before them, the only practical remedy when a man had wronged you was to drive off some of his cattle and keep them till he would do you right, or submit to have the matter decided by the court. That is the original form of distress. Under more or less regulation it was in use in England before the Conquest, and long afterwards it was the only process by which even the King's courts could do justice against unwilling parties. Landlords would naturally find this the readiest way of putting pressure on a tenant in arrear with his rent; and where the farming stock had been supplied by the landlord, as was not uncommonly the case in the Middle Ages, it would be no more than just. The process has disappeared from every other branch of the law, but in this it has not only remained, but has been made much stronger in the landlord's favour by a series of Acts of Parliament. A distress at common law was a risky thing; for, as with all ancient customary proceedings, its conditions were highly formal, and if the landlord omitted any one of them he put himself in the wrong. Neither could he sell the property distrained upon. The power to do this was first given in 1689, and the proceedings have been

regulated by various other statutes. One peculiarity about distress, and one which has worked much injustice, was that the landlord could take anything found on the holding, whether the property of his tenant or not. This has been partly remedied only within recent times. And in other respects the law of landlord and tenant, both as to the part enacted by legislation and the part contained in rules of the common law, bears strong marks of having been made by legislators and judges whose position and way of life biased them in favour of the landlord's interest. Contract is left free, but in the absence of contract most things are presumed in favour of the landlord. Trading and commercial tenants obtained a certain amount of consideration at a fairly early stage; their right to remove their fixtures goes back to the early sixteenth century, and was well established in the eighteenth. Agricultural tenants have obtained similar rights only in the latter half of the present century. And there is between agricultural and other leasehold tenancies a great difference in fact, though not much in law. The relations between the owners and occupiers of houses used for residence or business is purely one of contract. That between country landlords and farmers is still in part customary. We should think rather ill of a great English landlord who did not abate something of his rent-roll in bad times; whereas no owner of town property does, or is expected to do, anything of the kind. Such an owner sells the occupation of the land a factory is built upon just as the manufacturer who rents it sells the goods he produces, that is for the best price he can get. The landlord of a farm nominally does the same, but he really takes in bad seasons only what a sort of customary equity leads him to think that the farmer can fairly pay. I do not say that this is contrary even at first sight to his real interest, or that motives of interest have nothing to do with it. But it is not done as a matter of pure calculation;

it is not like the commercial creditor's action in giving easy terms to a doubtful debtor, lest in trying for all he should lose all. Again, I am far from saying that the owners of building estates in our great cities have no moral or social duties towards their tenants. But those duties are of a different kind, and arise from wholly different circumstances.

Thus we have gone, in a rapid and eneral way, through the history of our land laws in their different elements. A very few words about their future may be added. Between the Restoration and the Reform Act of 1832 the law of real property remained substantially unchanged. Since that time it has undergone repeated amendments of detail, and it is difficult to believe that we are anywhere near the end of the process. From a purely formal and artistic point of view the present complication is absurd and barely tolerable. On other grounds, political, economical, and social, substantial reforms are demanded with increasing force. The question is not so much whether there shall be considerable change as by what policy the change is to be guided. Shall we adopt, as the United States and our own colonies have in the main adopted, the commercial principle of simply removing obstacles to free dealing and transfer, and letting economic results work themselves out? Or shall we make some approach to the socialist ideal of administering the land, as a thing of specially

national interest, on wholly different principles from other property? This is too large a question to be discussed at the end of an article, and moreover is one for economists rather than for lawyers. Our actual system and its history furnish topics of argument on both sides. The advocates of the socialist theory may claim to represent the original purpose of feudalism, and to revive the mediæval ideal of the State in a form adapted to modern life. The extreme form of socialist doctrine which would altogether substitute the State for private owners will hardly find serious champions in this country; but there are more moderate proposals of similar tendency which may come within the range of practical discussion. Recent legislation, on the other hand, has been distinctly commercial in its tendency. For my own part, I think the commercial policy deserves at least a fair trial (which it has not yet had) before we embark on experiments in State regulation of which nobody has yet produced any coherent plan, much less worked out the consequences. The ideal of the commercial policy is every man his own landlord. The ideal of the socialist policy is the State every man's landlord. For Englishmen, with English habits of independent activity, and English traditions of the success of unfettered enterprise, the choice between these does not seem to admit of much doubt.

F. POLLOCK.

## THE HADES OF VIRGIL.

THERE are three great poems, belonging to three widely separated ages, in each of which a great poet has ventured to depict the experience of a living man who has passed into the invisible world, and returning thence to earth, has described what he there has seen. These are, I need hardly say, the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, commonly called the *nekúia*, the sixth book of the *Æneid*, and the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. Though the origination of the idea belongs to the *Odyssey*, the execution of it by the two later poets is enlarged in compass and deepened in meaning. Indeed, the greatness of the poems would seem to be on an ascending series. Virgil took the suggestion from Homer, and greatly improved on it; and students of Dante would say that he in his turn rises as much above the work of Virgil, as Virgil rises above Homer.

Apart altogether from the natural powers of the three poets, this must needs have happened, as the result of the broadening and deepening experience of the world. Men, as time went on, got deeper insight into the meaning of this life and of the next; and saw more clearly how the latter depends upon the former. Though the last of the three poems is regarded as by far the truest picture of the beliefs of mediæval Christendom which has come down to us, yet the idea on which all three poems are founded,—that of a man still in the flesh visiting the abodes of the dead—belongs to Paganism rather than to Christianity. This is so, if we are to estimate what Christianity is by the standard of the New Testament. By the time that Christianity had reached the fourteenth century, it had received many accretions from alien sources, and one of these accretions seems to be the conception of an inhabitant of this world entering the other, and bringing back

to his fellow men tidings of what he there had seen. If we look either at the Old Testament or the New, we cannot but be struck by the strange reserve, the awful silence they keep, regarding the unseen state. Once, in the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, the veil is for a moment lifted, when Hades or Sheol from beneath is moved to meet the fallen king of Babylon at his coming. In the New Testament, although the existence of an immortal state is brought out of the dimness in which it is shrouded in the Old, and asserted with the greatest distinctness—yet it is nowhere attempted to be portrayed—to be reduced to shape and filled with colour. The Book of the Revelation, which alone seems to venture within the veil, describes not a living man who has passed thither, but the visions seen by an exile in an earthly island, visions which refer mainly to the judgments of God, which are to come upon the earth, and to the final judgment. There is no reference to the condition of individuals—the fate of not one single man is spoken of. In the one instance in the New Testament, in which a living man, whether in the body or out of the body, has passed within the veil, he brought back no tidings. The words he heard were such as it was not lawful for man to utter. This, then, may be said, that in Holy Scripture, even when the invisible world, whether believed in implicitly as by the Jew, or explicitly as by the Christian, is adumbrated in imagery, nothing is revealed as to the fate of individuals in that other world. To do this is characteristic not of the prophet, or of the Christian apostle, but of the Greek and Roman poet.

To these last, therefore, we now turn. If we wished to know how wide the interval of thought which divides the age of Homer from that of Virgil—what advance the moral feel-



ing of the world had made in the interval, we could not do better than compare the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* with the sixth book of the *Æneid*. The Roman poet has taken not a few hints from the Greek. There is some resemblance in the incidents, some similarity, even sameness, in the characters that occur in both poems. But the resemblances are on the surface, the differences are deep and fundamental.

In Homer the belief that the dead are in some way still alive, appears in a bare and primitive form—an unquestioning instinct, never yet challenged, such as is found in the early history of almost all peoples. The place of their abode is cold, unsubstantial, forlorn, "a land shrouded in mist and cloud, where never does the sun look down on them with his rays, but where deadly night is outspread over miserable mortals." The inhabitants are shadowy, strengthless, *νεκρῶν ἀμείνηνα κάρηνα*, living on in an existence without hope, without aim, only pining with longing regret for the loss of their earthly life. When Ulysses, wishing to comfort Achilles, tells him

"Now thou art a great prince here among the dead,"

Achilles replies :

"Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, great Odysseus. Rather would I live upon the soil, the hireling of some landless man, with poor livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that are no more."—*Od.* xi. 490.

It is a pale withered existence they live there in Homer's *νεκρία*, as unequal to this earthly life as are the withered leaves of winter to the green ones on summer trees.

Yet in that forlorn picture are some wonderful touches of pathos. Perhaps there is nothing so pathetically human and personal in Virgil's narrative as the answer which Anticleia, mother of Ulysses, gives to her son, when he asks her how she came by her death.

The most marked difference, however, between the Greek and the Roman ideas, as we have them in these two poems, is this. Homer has

little or no conception of the future life as one of moral retribution. Even with regard to this life, Homer lived in the age of unconscious morality, before the decided entering in of the moral law, as the rule of action. It could not then be that the future life should be to him one in which morality was prolonged, and more amply fulfilled.

On the other hand, it is the very essence of Virgil's conception of that life to regard it as the moral fulfilment of what has been here begun. Virgil's future life is distinctively and emphatically moral. Those who enter into that world pass from a state in which the moral laws have but feeble and partial sway into one, in which all the moral anticipations men have here are abundantly verified. There are many other differences between Homer's and Virgil's conception, but this is the most cardinal.

Whence had Virgil derived this, his conception of the moral character of the future life? In some measure, no doubt, from his own pure and meditative heart. But still more from the experience which his own country and the world had passed through.

From the earliest times the Latins had believed in some sort of immortality, in an instinctive sort of way. This belief had gone through several stages, each of which left some trace of itself in the latest form of the creed. The earliest Roman thought made the shades or manes kindly and benignant beings. But, through contact with the sombre-minded Etruscans, it became overshadowed by a darker conception. The shades become mischievous beings, even hostile to the living. From the Etruscans the Romans derived their Charon, who was a Tuscan demigod.

When Rome met Greece, there entered a whole flood of legends with regard to the state of the dead. The pictures of Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, seized on the Roman imagination. And what Greek poetry and legend had prepared the Roman mind to receive, that Platonic philosophy came in to confirm. Whether

it was mainly from Greek legends and poetry, or from other sources besides, that the Romans derived the moral view of the future life, it must have been greatly strengthened, when Plato came with his reasoning to confirm what instinct and tradition long had taught. Many of the educated would be glad to receive his proofs of immortality, though they were not proofs; but a beautiful hope rather than solid argument. And then when he tries to figure to himself the state of the dead, he does not even pretend to give proofs, but takes refuge in myths. These are to him the best possible adumbrations of his own belief. In that remarkable one at the close of the "Republic," in which Er, the son of Armenius, describes what he saw in the other world, we have, I think, not obscurely the hint of a great part of the sixth book of the *Æneid*. You have there the judgment set, and the souls passing before it, into two fixed conditions. You have also the return of the souls to earth, and their choice of their second lives. In Plato's description, the terrors, it must be felt, far outweigh the hopes; each offence done on earth is atoned for by a penalty paid ten times over. Few could read that picture without a shudder, without some shrinking of conscience.

Whether it was the result of the imagery of Plato or of others, this view of things must have sunk deep into the Roman mind towards the close of the Republic. For it was to free men's souls from these terrors that Lucretius arose to expound his counter-philosophy. It was a clever stroke thus to turn the tables on the old belief of immortality. What had originally been a consolatory doctrine to which men turned for refuge, had turned to a terror and a despair. Lucretius preaches his doctrine of annihilation as the real consolation. And this new doctrine was welcomed by the educated. The voluptuous, the worldly, the light-minded aristocrats in the last year of the Roman Republic, readily adopted it. Cæsar openly professed it

in his speech in the Senate, on the Catiline conspirators. It succeeded for a season, because it promised calm and rest from the troubles of that distracted time. Did it really fulfil its promise? Did it really minister calm to minds disquieted? The under-tone of the great Lucretian poem is the best answer. In no poetry is there so little of that serenity of mind he is ever recommending as in his own. Physician, heal thyself. If his remedy had failed in his own case, great spirit that he was, would it succeed in that of common men? It was but a delusion to suppose that he could remove the fear of death by taking away the hope of immortality. It was but poor gain to replace the terrors of Hades by the dread of annihilation.

Cicero must have heard enough of the Epicurean doctrine, both from the poem of Lucretius, and from his contemporaries who took it as their creed. And many a noble protest his works contain against it, and in favour of immortality. To men like him who had seen the wreck of the Republic, the proscriptions, and all the misery of that unhappy time, small comfort it would have been to preach the doctrine of annihilation.

Though Cicero was not without worldliness and ambition—elements which are quite alien to Virgil's nature—yet in what is best and purest in him, he is more in sympathy with Virgil than was any other eminent man of that time. We may well suppose that it was to this spirit, whatever there may have been of it in his countrymen, that Virgil addressed the sixth book of the *Æneid*—to those of the educated to whom Platonic thought and sentiment was more congenial than either the Epicurean or the Stoic system. He was also sure to be listened to by the great majority of men who follow the instincts of humanity and the traditions of the race, rather than the dictates of any philosophy.

Whence did Virgil derive the materials for his description of the nether world? Homer, living in a simple age

which had not yet reflected deeply on the mystery of life and death, took the beliefs that were current in his time and wove them into his *ækva*. Dante, living at the climax of mediæval Christianity, had the Church traditions of a thousand years, and the Church doctrines which by his time had been rigorously systematised, as his materials to work upon. Virgil, belonging to an age when the old ethnic religions had been broken up, and only fragments of them came floating down to him, standing at the confluence of many faiths and systems, had a mass of incongruous elements to reduce to harmony. As the late Professor Conington has well shown, it was from (1) the remembrance of the legends heard in childhood; (2) the philosophic studies of his youth, especially the Platonic philosophy; (3) the mature reflections of his manhood, that Virgil drew his solemn picture of the under-world.

If in combining into one whole elements so diverse, and brought from such various sources, Virgil does not always succeed in moulding them into entire harmony; if there are some confusions unexplained, some inconsistencies that are irreconcilable, we shall leave these to the commentators and critics who have abundantly enlarged on them. The thing we would note is that they do not interfere with the spirit of the whole work.

Let us now look at Virgil's picture of what Æneas and the Sibyl saw a little more closely. Those who know these details in the original poem will, I hope, bear with me, if I dwell on them a little while for the sake of those of my readers who may be less acquainted with them. What may be the meaning of the Sibyl and of the golden bough, or whether they have any hidden meaning, or are only parts of some picturesque legend which Virgil used without inquiring into its meaning, all this I cannot now stay to consider.

As soon as the Sibyl and Æneas have plunged through the mouth of the cave that opens down to the lower

world, they pass into a dim twilight region, and behold before the gate of Hell phantoms of all things that make miserable man's life on earth, and, together with these, ghastly shapes, "Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire," lingering about the porch of Orcus. Then they come to Acheron and its grim ferryman. As to the infernal rivers, there is much confusion; all of them Virgil names without attempting accurately to localise them.

Most touching is the picture of the ghosts of the unburied, as they troop down to the edge of the river, which they are not allowed to cross.

*"Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,  
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."*

"There they stood, entreating to be the first to pass over, and ever stretched forth their hands with longing desire for the farther shore." Well might Æneas stay his steps at the sight, "musing deeply, and pitying at his heart a lot so unkind."

It is only when Charon has ferried them to the farther side, and placed them on the bank of the "irremeabilis unda," that they have fairly set foot within the world of spirits.

I. Here they enter on the first of the three regions into which Virgil's Hades is divided,—what may be called the Intermediate State. The dwellers there are neither among the saved nor the lost, but in a kind of neutral condition, much like that in which Homer imagined all the shades to be. They are not punished, but they are not happy. First among these Virgil has placed infants who have died before they have done anything good or bad, and these are described in lines of painful pathos. Then come those who have been done to death by unjust sentences, whose case Minos is yet to judge. Then those sons of sorrow who, though guiltless, destroyed their own life from very weariness of the sun. Observe here at once Virgil's tenderness, yet righteousness, in the way he regards these:—

*"Quam vellent æthere in alto  
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores,"*

"O how gladly would they now, in the air above, bear to the end the load of poverty and the extremest toils!" But "*Fas obstat*"—"Fate bars the way," the law of Heaven forbids. Here, too, are the fields of mourning, tenanted by those hapless ones, of whom it may be said that "Love had been a felon to them." These are Phædra, Procris, Eriphyle, and others, whom Homer mentions in his *rexia*. Here, Æneas meets the shade of Dido. When he addressed her, she spoke no word, but confronted him with sullen silence. One scowling look she turned on him, then stood with averted head and eyes on the ground. At length she fled away into the shadow of a wood, where Sychæus, her former husband, sympathises with her sorrow, and answers love for love. Still in that intermediate region, but on its utmost confines, apart by themselves, are the heroes who had died in battle. There, his comrades who had fallen in defence of Troy, come crowding round Æneas, and ask with wonder what had brought him thither. There, too, are the Greek warriors, who shrink away, scared by the gleam of his armour through the gloom. There he meets Deiphobus, and learns from his own lips how he came by his fate on the night of Troy, by Helen betrayed to her former lord.

"*I decus, I, nostrum, melioribus utere fatis.*" "Go, our glory—go! Be thine a happier fate than ours!" is the beautiful farewell with which Deiphobus follows him.

These, then, are the dwellers in the Intermediate State. Why, we may ask, has Virgil conceived a threefold condition of the dead? Was it some tradition he had followed, or was it the prompting of his own compassionate nature? Other believers in a future life had made only two conditions, that of the blessed and the condemned. It was thus that the Stoics rigorously divided mankind. Thus, too, Plato, in all his adaptations of the early myths. Virgil was as firm a believer as these in the

everlasting difference between the good will and the evil. But it was in keeping with his humane and tender heart to believe that there are many, who leave this life in an indeterminate moral condition, who cannot be said firmly to have chosen the good, yet who cannot, as far as we can judge, be stamped as evil-doers. The fate of these he would fain leave unfixed; at any rate he would not take on himself to determine it. In doing this, it cannot be said that he judged capriciously or on fantastic grounds—rather that he was true to a feeling which, if it has no warrant from revelation, has yet its root deep in human nature. There needs no other proof of this than the strong hold which the doctrine of purgatory has had on a large portion of Christendom. What may have been the origin of this doctrine of the middle age Church, or what grounds in revelation it may advance for itself, it is not my part to discuss. This only let me note, that it is strange to find one of the earliest hints of it in the work of this pre-Christian pagan poet.

II. Leaving the first region, they reach a spot at which two roads part, the right-hand road leading to Elysium, the left hand to Tartarus. Æneas looks back, sees a huge iron tower girt with triple wall, surrounded by a river of torrent fire, hears groanings, sounding scourges, clanking iron, dragging chains. He only hears the sounds—does not see the tortures. The Sibyl explains that there is the guilty threshold which no innocent foot may tread, and then describes it. That is where all the great criminals and evil-doers of earth meet their just doom. The rebel Titans, who in old time rose against the gods, and the commoner felons of more recent days. Note that among these last Virgil names no individual, neither any great historic personage, nor any offender he may himself have known. Indeed in this, as in his whole description of Tartarus, there is in the poet an evident shrinking from the distressful theme. Æneas

is not put to the pain of looking on the tortures with his eyes; he only learns them by hearing the distant sounds of torment, and by the Sibyl's narrative.

But also observe, he makes the guilty confess to Rhadamanthus their sins. Those deeds which they had concealed all their life long they are forced to avow now.

Then the judge :—

"Castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque  
fateri,  
Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus  
inani,  
Distulit in seram commissæ piacula mortem."

"Avenger at once, and judge of skulking guilt, he compels men to confess, what crimes so ever in upper air, blindly rejoicing in the cheat, they kept secret till the hour of death, to make late atonement for them then." Here we see that Virgil had some glimpse of the moral necessity of a day which "shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness." But nothing either that Æneas hears or the Sibyl tells can equal in horror the tortures which Plato speaks of, when Ardiæus and others are said to be "bound hand and foot and head, and thrown down and flayed with scourges, and dragged out by the way side, and carded, like wool, upon thorn-bushes," and then flung into Tartarus. (Plat. *Rep.* x. p. 616.)

III. It was a theme more congenial to Virgil to describe what Æneas saw, when, having passed Pluto's palace, and there deposited the golden bough, he looked upon the fields of Elysium.

A lawny garden-like region, lapt in sunshine clearer than ever shone on earth. As Virgil describes it he surpasses even himself in the grace and sweetness of his well-remembered words. These the great modern poet has beautifully imitated :—

"All that is most beauteous—imaged there  
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the  
brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

Virgil lingers over this region with delight, and describes the happy spirits, following each the pursuits he had loved on earth, only in undisturbed repose. They who dwell there are, partly old world mythic kings, Dardanus and his race, partly those who in historic times had benefited their people by their lives. Warriors who had died in battle for their Fatherland, priests who had lived holy lives, poets whose hearts were clean, and their songs worthy of Phœbus' ear—all who by cunning inventions gave a grace to life, and whose worthy deeds made their fellows remember them with love. Museus, chief among the poets, leads Æneas and the Sibyl to the top of a ridge and shows them, in a deep green dell beneath, the shade of Anchises. With the meeting of the father and the son the object of the journey to the under-world was attained. Anchises had but to foretell to Æneas his own fortunes and those of his race, and all would be ended. Had Virgil kept consistently to his original conception he would have stopped there. The outline of that unseen world had been filled in; his idea had been completed.

Up to this point Virgil had followed the legends. Now he makes a new start, not from a legendary but from a philosophical basis. Before unrolling the long glories of Rome and her heroes, Anchises propounds that cosmogony, and that account of the origin of man, which Pythagoras originated, and Plato and other philosophers adopted. He teaches Æneas the doctrine of an Anima Mundi, that there is one living spirit, one breath of life interfused through all things, the heavens, the earth, sun, moon, and stars, that all life is an emanation from this all-pervading life, the lives of beasts, birds, and man are but particles derived from it.

As a modern poet has expressed it :

"—what if all of animated nature  
Be but organic harps diversely framed,  
That tremble into thought, as o'er them  
sweeps,  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
At once the Soul of each and God of All!"



As for man the divine particle within contracts a deep taint from its contact with clay, becomes blind to heavenly light, and in many ways contaminated. Hence it must needs after death be schooled by punishment, and suffer severe penance, till it is cleansed from its taint. Three different modes of penance there are; some are hung up to be searched by piercing winds, some plunged in the flood to have their wickedness washed away, in others it is burnt out by fire.

"Quisque suos patimur Manes."

We are each chastised in our own spirits, or we suffer each his own ghostly penance. Then follow four lines which all scholars will remember, as among the hardest to interpret in the whole *Æneid*. But we may adopt the late Professor Conington's as the best explanation of them—that after the period of purgation is undergone, all the spirits are sent back for a time to Elysium. The greater number are then made to drink the water of Lethe and sent up to earth, there to live a second life. A few select ones, of whom Anchises was one, are allowed to remain permanently in Elysium.

Commentators have been busy in pointing out the inconsistencies, which are not few, in the sixth *Æneid*. I have not paused to notice these, for they are all of small import, and do not affect the moral import of the book. But this Pythagorean doctrine of Anchises cannot be passed by. It is wholly inconsistent with all Virgil's previous teaching. As the late Mr. Conington points out:—"The neutral regions, Tartarus, and Elysium, all dissolve before it. These exist on the assumption that departed spirits remain there in a fixed state, each preserving his own individuality. The later doctrine takes all spirits alike as soon as they die, puts them through a thousand years' purgation, and sends most of them back to earth to reanimate other frames. Good and bad lives are not spoken of, only the necessary stain which the ethereal spirit contracts from its imprisonment in

clay." All this is true, and there is no accounting for it; except by supposing that, had Virgil lived to finish his poem, he would more skilfully have adjusted these manifest discordances.

Meanwhile taking it as it stands, we may remark first the surprise of Æneas when he hears that any spirits which had once reached Elysium are to be sent back to earth.

"O Pater! anne aliquas ad cælum hinc ire putandum est  
Sublimes animas, iterumque ad tarda reverti  
Corpora? quæ lucis miseris tam dira  
cupido!"

"O my Father! are we to think that any souls fly hence aloft to the upper air, and return to the cumbrous body? Can their longing for light be so mad as this?"

Contrast these words of Æneas with those of Achilles which I have already alluded to. The latter regarded the life in the nether world as a poor miserable existence, the mere shadow of the substantial life here. To Æneas that life in Elysium is the fuller life, the more real, the substance of which the best on earth is but the shadow.

In these two passages you have, condensed into a few words the wholly different, I might say opposed, mental attitudes in which the two poets stood towards the world beyond the grave.

But there is another point in this Pythagorean passage worthy of regard. It is this:—Nowhere, perhaps, in the classic poets is the truth so strongly insisted on, that there is in the human soul a defilement, or deep stain of evil, and that in the nature of things it cannot be passed by, but must needs somehow be purged away. It matters little that Virgil makes the mistake—made by so many before him—of tracing the source of this defilement to the fleshly body—to contact with matter. Though he erred as to the cause of the defilement, this no way invalidates his testimony to the fact. Neither is it of any account that he assigns the cleansing process to material agents—wind, water, fire. These may well have been

to him, what they have been to many others, only striking figures, taken from visible things, for unseen moral processes.

In this deep feeling, first, of the reality of moral defilement, secondly, of the necessity of its being somehow done away, we see the recognition by this pre-Christian poet of the fundamental truths which Christianity postulates, and to which it supplies the remedy.

Farther, we have to put together this view of the need of cleansing taken from the latter portion of the sixth *Æneid* with the tradition of a neutral state mentioned in the earlier, and you have the germs of what in aftertimes became the doctrine of purgatory. I do not say that, as an historical fact, the Catholic Church took the hint of this doctrine from the Roman poet. But it is, to say the least, noteworthy that the poet should have hit upon so striking an anticipation of it.

On turning to the chapter in the third volume of Mr. Gladstone's *Homeric Studies*, in which he contrasts Homer and Virgil, it was with some surprise that I observed the vehemence with which Virgil is there assailed. On reading these pages one can almost imagine that Virgil was not a Roman poet, dead nearly two thousand years since, but a troublesome Conservative member on the opposition benches. Mr. Gladstone says that "The *Inferno* of Virgil is, upon the whole, a stage procession of stately and gorgeous figures; but it has no consistent and veracious relation to any idea of the future or unseen state actually operative among men. Virgil contrives to convince the reader that he is a very great artist. Homer lets all such matters take care of themselves." As to Virgil's general earnestness of tone, let me quote, as against Mr. Gladstone's charge, the estimate formed of Virgil by one whose opinion Mr. Gladstone would, I believe, respect more than that of most men now living. Cardinal Newman speaks of Virgil's

"single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, giving utterance, as of the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

Because the sixth book of the *Æneid* in Virgil bodies forth his thoughts in splendid imagery, is this proof that there is no genuine conviction underlying it? The whole book is inspired and filled from end to end with the deep belief that the future state is a great reality, and that men's condition there is determined by their doings here. If to body forth this conviction Virgil employed all the resources of tradition, all the guesses of philosophy, and all the colours of imagination, does this make his belief and his purpose the least less genuine and earnest? No one, comparing impartially Homer's *Inferno* with Virgil's, but must see, one would think, how much more deeply moral the conception in the latter poet has become. To say this is not to disparage Homer. He lived before the age of conscious morality, before the "coming in of the law," as St. Paul speaks—or at least in that twilight region, where unconscious is only verging towards conscious morality. By Virgil's time the law of conscience had become part of the thoughts of men, and philosophy had discussed, to affirm or to deny, its authority. Virgil would not have been true to himself or to his age, if he had not made moral notions the key to interpret the unseen world. That he has draped these notions in splendid imagery is only to say that he is a poet. That the images no way hide or hinder the human feeling—the real pathos—that fills them, is proved by the hold which the sixth, more than any other book of the *Æneid*, has laid on the imagination of mankind.

The three great *Infernos* belong to the past, and the past has bequeathed to us no poems of deeper interest. But the enterprise they essayed is not likely to be repeated by modern poets. In saying this I do not forget that

beautiful modern poem, *The Epic of Hades*, but this seems to be rather a reproduction of the old classic thought and manner, than an original modern creation. I can only recall two attempts to penetrate behind the veil in modern poetry and romance, and both of these are on a much more limited scale than the old poems.<sup>1</sup> They do not attempt to map out the geography of the invisible world, or to drape it with imagery. Each of them offers only a partial glimpse, and that, from one point of view, behind the curtain.

The first is where Scott in *Red-gauntlet* ventures on unearthly ground. Into this region the dream of Wandering Willie gives a brief glimpse, which is coloured by the stern vindictiveness of covenanting times. Yet what a glimpse it is of the set of ghastly revellers, seated around that table in the nether world! "There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalryell with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlsall with Cameron's blude on his hand, and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Maister Cargill's limbs till the blude sprang. There, too, was the Bluidy Advocate Mackenye, who, for his worldly wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks, streaming down over his laced buff coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance, while the rest hallooed, and sung, and laughed that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time, and their laughter passed into such wild sounds, as made my gude sire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes."

In that scene Scott seems to have outdone himself, and to have blended

<sup>1</sup> I purposely omit any mention of the remarkable papers, entitled "The Little Pilgrim," now appearing in this magazine.

something of the spirit of Dante with the power of Shakespeare.

There is a unique poem of our own day, which has ventured to pass into the unseen world. I mean Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*. The poem, which is extremely simple and realistic, is an attempt to portray the experience of a single soul, in the brief interval between the hour of dissolution and its appearing before the Judge. There is no picture for the eye to rest on, no colour, no form. It is all inward,—sound and feeling,—the experience of the single disembodied soul, as it passes through the voices of the angelic hierarchies upward into the immediate Presence.

The sight of Him is granted for one moment ere the soul undergoes the final cleansing. The love of Him, and the shame for having wronged Him, which that sight enkindles, are to be the very essence of the purifying process. The vision which the poem gives is one more of awe than of love. But the passage which describes what will be the soul's feeling in the immediate Presence far surpasses in inwardness and soul-like intensity anything in Virgil, and equals the best of Dante.

It will be observed how much more cautiously these two moderns have ventured into the unseen; both of them only a glimpse in a dream,—one of them the individual experience of the new feelings that shall come when, the flesh being put off, the spirit is face to face with eternal reality. It does not seem likely that in future any such large enterprises as those of Homer, Virgil, or Dante will be renewed. The conviction has so come home to men, that our present faculties are wholly inadequate even to adumbrate the unseen state,—that it has not entered—that it cannot enter—into the hearts of men, while on earth, to conceive the things that are there. But this does not hinder the firm faith and the sure hope of the Christian, though it be not given to man to form a conception of what shall be hereafter.

J. C. SHAIRP.

## FORTUNE'S FOOL

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH MR. CALIPER RECOMPENSES HIMSELF FOR SOME OF THE TRIALS INCIDENT TO HIS CAREER: AND AUNT MARIA'S INTELLIGENCE IS OBSCURED BY TOO MUCH ENLIGHTENMENT.

"WHERE the deuce can that fellow Caliper be?" exclaimed Major Clanroy, impatiently. "I sent him word for three sharp, and here it is a quarter past. Can't do anything without him, you know. Deuce take the fellow."

"I didn't at all like Caliper's manner when I saw him last," Mrs. Clanroy observed, shaking out the folds of her ample black skirt with her fat white hand. "He has been making money of late, and it has made him conceited."

"Nonsense, Gertrude!" her husband retorted testily. "Caliper will always have manners enough to know his own interests, won't he?"

"You will never persuade me," remarked Miss Vivian, tapping with her long finger nails on the table, "that Caliper is a man to be depended on. And this proves it."

"Poor Maria! she has no confidence in any one," Gertrude murmured gently; and the eyes of the two sisters met for a moment with an expression that was, perhaps, sisterly, but was certainly not affectionate.

For these three high-born personages had not altered essentially during the seven years or so that had passed over them since we last saw them together. Here they sat, in the same large, unfriendly room, with its expensive and unbeautiful furniture; and Maria was bonier, Gertrude stouter, the major redder, and all three of them greyer and more infirm than before; but their attitude toward one another and the world was very little changed. The

major's gout had developed to an inconvenient degree, to the diminishing of his patience, and the increase of his expletives; Miss Vivian was certainly not less positive or cross-grained than before; and the expansion of Gertrude's contours seemed to have afforded room for the growth of her slyness and demure maliciousness. Here, at all events, they sat, for better or worse; and the object for which they had met happened to be nearly allied to that which had called them together on the previous occasion. The question of Madeleine's inheritance had again come to the surface, and under unexpected and stirring conditions.

A short silence followed the sentences above quoted. Then the major said—

"Shouldn't wonder if Caliper had found out the whole thing was a humbug."

"The claimant, at any rate, must be an impostor," rejoined Gertrude.

"You believed in him when this ridiculous affair first came up," said her sister.

"Luckily Madeleine's birthday is next month," observed Gertrude, folding her hands over her abundant waist, and gazing at Maria's capstrings with amiable superciliousness; "and that safely over, there will be an end to all claims, legitimate or otherwise."

"End of a fiddle-stick," growled the major. "The man has declared himself, and the thing will have to be settled one way or the other before Madey can touch a penny—if it takes ten years. And he's likely enough to be in the right too; may be the best thing the girl could do would be to split the difference, and marry him."

"Marry a vulgar adventurer—a creature who goes about in a blanket and leggings, and is no better than an

Indian! How can you talk so, Arthur dear? I trust the poor child won't think of marrying any one at present."

"You'd like her to die an old maid, perhaps, and bequeath her property to you," Aunt Maria suggested. "You will never persuade me that that hasn't been your aim all along. You thought if a claim was made, and the matter left in doubt, you would get the benefit of the executorship. But now——"

"What the devil do you mean, Maria?" broke in the major. "Benefit by the executorship, indeed? Do you mean to say——"

"Don't be hard upon her, Arthur," sweetly interposed his wife. "We must never take Maria seriously; she is hardly responsible. And I am sure she cannot suppose I wish dear Madeleine to be an old maid. Madeleine has examples to warn her against that. And an old maid would generally have been something else if she could have had her wish; but Madeleine is a girl whom any man might care for. It is such a misfortune to be crabbed and homely."

"It's lucky for both of you that you don't live together," observed the major; "you'd scratch each other to death in a week."

Hereupon ensued another pause.

"If Madeleine follows my advice," Maria finally said, "she will marry Bryan Sinclair. I have seen a good deal of him lately, and he seems to me a very clever and able man. She will need a strong hand to take care of her when I am gone."

"Sinclair can take care of himself well enough, I've no doubt," said the major, with a laugh; "but the less he has to do with any young girl that's got money the better for her, I take it. However, if this affair goes against her, and he makes her an offer, then we'll consider it. Confound that fellow Caliper, he ought to be shot!"

"If Mr. Caliper had known his business, he would have given us information of this conspiracy long ago," ob-

served Miss Vivian. "It's no thanks to him that we discovered it before it was quite too late. You may blame Bryan Sinclair, major, but it was he that first told me about it."

"How came he to know of it?"

"He is the sort of person, I fancy, to know a good deal of other people's business," said Gertrude. "But it has been poor Maria's fate to make mistakes about men from her youth up."

"I never made but one mistake about you," retorted the old lady, turning white with suppressed ire. "You were a liar, then, and you have been one ever since."

"Hoity toity! that's plain language!" exclaimed the major, elevating his eyebrows.

"Would you mind telling me what mistake you refer to?" Gertrude inquired, her ordinary mellifluous tones betraying, in spite of herself, a tremor of malignity.

"You know very well what I mean," Maria replied.

"Shall I make a guess?" asked the other tauntingly.

The two sisters glared at each other for a moment. Then Maria said, in a harsh, breathless voice—

"I sha'n't prevent you."

"You wish Major Clanroy to hear?"

Gertrude paused. In fact, she by no means desired to give up her proprietorship of Maria's miserable secret. It had been a most useful possession to her, enabling her to exercise over her sister a power altogether out of proportion with her own intrinsic strength. If Maria were now to repudiate this black mail, Gertrude would not only lose her advantage, but she would herself be, to an inconvenient extent, at Maria's mercy. For the latter had become acquainted with many facts of Gertrude's conduct and circumstances which it would be most inexpedient for the major to know, but which Maria would be extremely apt to tell him, once this check upon her sinister communicativeness was removed. Reflecting upon this, and perceiving that Maria



had been brought to a dangerous pitch of exasperation, Gertrude paused, and began to cast about in her mind how she might most adroitly escape from the discomfiture which menaced her.

"You may say what you like," resumed Maria, bitterly and excitedly. "I will not be threatened and bullied by you any longer. I would rather be what I have been than what you are. There can be no worse shame for me than to have submitted to a woman like you. Come, Arthur Clanroy, your wife has something to tell you that will amuse you. It will make you love her even more than you do now, if that's possible. And when she has had her say, I will have mine!"

"What the mischief is the matter now?" cried the major, putting down his newspaper and drawing his eyebrows together. "'Pon my soul, you wo women——"

"I'm sure I have no idea what Maria means," Gertrude protested, manifestly disconcerted. "I have nothing to tell—nothing at all. Maria calls me very hard names, and seems to think I wish to do her some injury; but I can assure her she is mistaken. I wish nothing more than to live in peace and kindness with everybody——"

"That won't do, Gertrude!" interrupted her sister, sitting erect in her chair, her haggard face working with angry contempt. "You want to keep your hold over me, by keeping silence until my blood is cool again; but it won't do. If you don't tell Arthur, I will! He shall know the truth, once for all, and make what use he chooses of it. And when he knows your treachery to me, perhaps he'll be prepared to believe that you may have been treacherous to him as well. Listen to me, Arthur," she continued, breathing hard, and pressing her lips together between her sentences; "I will tell you the secret that this woman has been threatening to betray ever since you married her. There was a time when I would sooner

have died than have you suspect it; but I don't care now! You may think that I have lost all my pride—perhaps I have; but I am too proud still to live any longer in fear of that woman. You know very well, Arthur Clanroy, that when you first knew me and her, it was not her that you intended to marry!"

At this point, the major, who had been eying Maria and his wife alternately, with a peculiar quizzical expression, was delivered of a laugh, which caused Maria to stop short, and her elderly blood to flush her sallow cheeks. Gertrude, meanwhile, was privately making appealing signs to her husband, which, however, he disregarded.

"Bless my soul, Maria!" he exclaimed, partly recovering his gravity at length, "is that what you're driving at? You might have spared yourself a great deal of trouble. No, no, Gertrude, you needn't make faces—I might have known the sort of mischief you would make. My good creature," he continued, again addressing himself to his sister-in-law, "there's no need for all this mystery and agitation. It's no secret to me that you did me the honour to have a preference for me once upon a time. Good God! I've known it for years and years!"

"You knew it? How?" stuttered Maria.

"And I supposed you knew I knew it—when I thought about it at all, which I haven't done since I can remember. It was Gertrude told me—not long after I married her, I fancy. And so she's been holding that over your head all this time, has she? Well, all I've got to say is, it's just what I should have expected of her; and if you choose to take a cat-o'-nine-tails to her for it, I sha'n't interfere; it would serve her right! And egad, Maria, if I was where I was five-and-twenty years ago, I'd choose you instead of her—that is, if I didn't make up my mind to die a bachelor!"

The effect of this announcement

upon Maria was much more profound than she herself could realise, just at that moment. It sounded in her amazed ears like a fanciful story, told of somebody else. To believe it would be, in a manner, to disbelieve the better part of her past life. The thought that she had allowed Gertrude to tyrannise over her by dint of a wholly imaginary terror, was even more intolerable than the reflection that the major had always been familiar with the fact that she had of all others sought to hide from him; or than the spectacle of his jocose indifference, half contemptuous and half compassionate. The comfort and substance of her existence had been stolen from her by a vulgar deception—a trick that she might have seen through from the first. The predicament was too tragic for anger; and most tragical because most absurd. For the present, Maria could only feel crushed—all her vital energy gone from her. She had not strength even to get up and leave the room; scarcely to draw her breath. Her jaw fell, and her eyes were fixed in a dull stare at vacancy. Could such a thing be? What would happen next? This secret of hers had been to her the essential reality of the world. But now that reality was proved a delusion, what would become of all the lesser realities? Would the solid earth vanish like a bubble?

What did happen next, not inopportunately perhaps, was the entrance of Mr. Caliper. The lawyer briefly and somewhat unconcernedly apologised for his delay, having, as he observed, only just taken leave of a client. The low and broad summit of Mr. Caliper's head was now of a brilliant baldness, and what hair remained to him was of a grey hue; in other respects he appeared much the same as seven years before. He put his hat on the table, and sat down without waiting for an invitation to do so. Upon the whole, a more independent Mr. Caliper than the former one. But, of the three persons in the

room, only the major was, for the time being, in a state of mind composed enough to take notice of Mr. Caliper's behaviour.

"And now, what can I do for you?" the lawyer inquired, resting his hands upon the knees, with the tips of his fingers meeting, and serenely raising his eyebrows.

"To begin with, let's hear what you have to say about this confounded young impostor from America!" returned Major Clanroy, curling his white moustache, and speaking with abruptness.

Mr. Caliper leaned forward with eyebrows pointed interrogatively.

"The terms of your description scarcely enable me to identify—" he said, with a polished inflection and a smiling pause.

"Hang it! where are your wits, man?" broke out the irascible major. "Have you never heard of the fellow who calls himself John Vivian, and I don't know what else?"

"Ah! you refer to the heir—to the claimant, I should perhaps say, the matter being still *sub judice*—to the estates and title of Lord Castlemere. Yes, I have heard of that gentleman—certainly, yes. His claim is likely to come to trial very shortly; if, that is to say, the parties at present in possession should decide to contest."

"If indeed!" the Major called out. "Am I likely to sit still and see my ward robbed of forty thousand a year? What's got into you, Caliper?"

"I express no opinion either way," replied the legal gentleman, unmoved. "But I must say that I casually met Lord—the claimant some months ago, and learnt some of the particulars of his case, and the grounds upon which he founds it appeared to me weighty—very weighty, Major Clanroy. But of course you would be perfectly justified in opposing, even if failure were a foregone conclusion. Possibly, however—I merely hazard the conjecture—possibly something in the nature of a compromise might prudently be entertained. The rival

claimants are, if I may say so, of opposite sexes."

"Well, but hang it! Caliper," said the Major, changing his tone, "you don't think it's really so serious—eh? Do you hear this, Maria? Caliper says he thinks this fellow may establish his claim after all! Gad! so you saw him, did you? Has he got his papers with him?"

"I have reason to believe he is provided for all contingencies."

"Since you have made his acquaintance it might be very useful if you were to find out all you can about his case, not letting him know that you were acting in our interest," said Mrs. Clanroy timidly, after a glance at her sister. "He might make some statements, you know, which could be used against him afterwards."

"Caliper shall do nothing of the kind, if I know it!" put in the lady's husband grimly. "The best help you can give us, Gertrude, is to hold your tongue. Let's have your opinion, Maria."

Miss Vivian looked up, passed her tremulous fingers vaguely across her forehead, and said nothing. Her mind was still elsewhere.

"The claimant is a fine-looking young man, and of excellent address," observed Mr. Caliper, speaking meditatively, with his eyes directed towards the cornice. "In fact as handsome and charming a gentleman as I have ever encountered. Were Miss Madeleine Vivian to see him—were a meeting to be arranged between them—I venture to imagine it might be attended with the best results. Otherwise I may state frankly that I should apprehend grave detriment to the young lady's interests."

"It strikes me, Caliper, that for a solicitor your tone is rather queer. You don't mean to say, I suppose, that you would refuse to make a fight of it?"

"On the contrary, I shall enter upon the conduct of the case with the greatest confidence of success. When the facts are known there will scarcely be two opinions as to the result."

"Then confound me if I can understand you, Caliper! You as good as said a moment ago that we hadn't the ghost of a chance, and now you contradict yourself flat!"

"Pardon me—I fail to detect my contradiction."

"What the deuce do you mean, then? Come sir, don't play off any of your legal quibbles on me! I'm not in a humour for it!"

"I can only repeat, Major Clanroy, that I fail to detect any inconsistency in my statements. I am, as I always have been, devoted to the Castlemere interests; I have said that I am confident of their success, and I shall, to the best of my poor ability, if occasion unhappily arises, support those interests before the proper tribunal. Can I be more explicit?"

"But if you are so certain that we shall win, what's the meaning of all your talk about compromise?"

"Ah! that was only in the interest of Miss Madeleine Vivian."

"Well then—her interests are yours, aren't they?"

"Sentimentally, I admit; but in the legal sense, no."

"Look here, Caliper, either you or I are daft! You are retained in the Castlemere interests—that is understood so far?"

"Precisely."

"And Madeleine is the representative of Castlemere—the heiress of the estates. And yet you say that you are not acting in her legal interests. Explain that!"

"Ah, now I think I see your mistake," said Mr. Caliper, nodding his head with a bland smile; "or, to put it in another way, the point of our misunderstanding. I am engaged in the Castlemere interest; you assume Miss Madeleine to be the representative of that interest; while I, on the contrary, am compelled to recognise as the only true representative—" Here the lawyer paused, rose from his chair, and took up his hat.

"Who—in the devil's name?" cried the major.

"My client, John Vivian, fourteenth Baron Castlemere," replied Mr. Caliper, bringing out his dramatic climax in the neatest and quietest manner imaginable.

The Major's face became dark red, but after a few moments, by a severe effort, he managed to control himself. The lawyer had made a fool of him, but he determined to give him as little opportunity as possible to increase his triumph.

"I think, Caliper," he said, with a rather ghastly smile, "that we needn't detain you any longer this morning. Present my acknowledgments to his lordship for the suggestion he has conveyed to us through you; I'll think them over. Were you ever kicked down stairs?"

The manner in which the major made this inquiry had something in it which tended to promote the promptness of Mr. Caliper's withdrawal; nevertheless, on reaching the door, he found time to make a polite bow in the direction of Mrs. Clanroy. After the door had closed behind him the Major thrust his hands in his pockets, took his stand upon the hearthrug, and whistled some bars of *Bonnie Dundee*. Despite this apparent cheerfulness, however, the aspect of his brow was such as to admonish his wife of the inexpediency of accosting him. But at length she could endure no longer, and burst forth—

"Aren't you going to do anything to that wretch?" she exclaimed with a sort of shrill passionateness. "Are you going to let him insult and cheat us like that? Is he to——"

"Gertrude, I told you to hold your tongue once, and I tell you now, once more," interrupted the Major, stern as a judge at a court-martial; "that's enough." He then turned to Miss Vivian. "You have brains, Maria," he said; "can't you advise me?"

The interrogative tone seemed partly to arouse the lady, and she looked up with an air of attempting to gather her faculties together.

"What is the matter," she asked.

"About Caliper, you know," said the Major.

Miss Vivian gazed about vaguely for a moment, smiled in a mechanical manner, and shook her head.

"I suppose he will be here soon," was all she said.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MAIN OBJECTION TO ANY HUMAN SUBSTITUTE FOR PROVIDENCE IS, THAT IT IS APT TO BE ONE THING FOR ONE MAN, AND ANOTHER FOR ANOTHER.

ONE grey day, in the autumn of the year, Madeleine Vivian issued from the door of the city mansion, with the interior of which the reader has already made acquaintance, and set her face in a southerly direction. She was dressed in a close-fitting garment of sombre hue, matching the complexion of the weather; only that, beneath her chin, appeared a glimpse of a crimson bow, the rest of which was concealed beneath her dress. She walked along at an even pace, as one who has a definite object in view, and paid no more attention to her environment than was sufficient to enable her to choose her course and to avoid collision with other people. Passing into Regent Street, she traversed the length of that thoroughfare, without pausing to look into the shop-windows; and arriving at Piccadilly, she crossed over into the Haymarket. In front of the Haymarket Theatre placards were set forth, announcing the performance for that evening; and at these Madeleine glanced as she went by. Proceeding onwards, she entered Parliament Street, and presently came to an open space within view of the river. A grey Gothic edifice, fronted with two lofty towers, upreared itself before her; she entered it by a small door at the side, and found herself in the cool and shadowy hush of the lofty and serene interior.

Perhaps out of sympathy with the silent upward rush of the mighty arches, and the grey repose of the

marble monuments, Madeleine's bearing lost its preoccupation and hurry, and she moved slowly and saunteringly along the vistaed aisle, lifting her eyes forward and aloft, and observing with conscious pleasure the illuminated splendour of the painted windows. Amidst the sublime encompassment of these aged walls, her spirit felt relieved and secure — more so than beneath the open infinitude of heaven. So long as she might remain here, no harm could come to her. There was comfort in the faint echo of her footsteps, reminding her that she was protected by the venerable sanctity of the last great religion of the world. The records of the dead were all around here, and in their company was peace. The breadth of accomplished centuries lay between her and the noisy conflict of the uncertain present; time had pursued her to the Abbey's threshold, but had not overpassed it. She breathed in freedom, and the tension of her thoughts relaxed. Compared with the antiquity of these steadfast pillars, her life was but as an hour in a great day; soon it would be past, and soon forgotten. Let her fancy it already over, and herself a ghost, musing serenely over the fever of dead anxieties. For the comedy of existence is profounder than its tragedy.

There were more than a few persons in the Abbey, although, owing to its extent, it had the appearance of being practically empty. But by and by, as Madeleine paced meditatively onward, she perceived that she had entered a region which was secluded even amidst the omnipresent seclusion; its sole occupant being a quaint marble figure seated upon a pedestal against the wall. She stood with her eyes fixed upon this worthy, captivated by the vacant solemnity of his expression, but careless to search out his name; and had remained thus gazing for a minute or so, before becoming aware that she was not so much alone as she had imagined. From a nook behind the base of one of the columns arose

a tall young man whom Madeleine immediately knew that she had seen before, though, in the startled survey of the first moment, she could not remember where. His features were handsome and winning, but there was a remarkable penetration in his regard, not deliberate, but his glance met hers in such a way that she had a feeling of being looked into more deeply than she wished; and this made her mentally shrink before him. He wore a kind of cloak-like garment on his shoulders, and held in his hand a broad-brimmed felt hat. His forehead was white, but the lower part of his face was tanned by the sun. After the first look, he smiled slightly and said—

"I was wondering when I should see you again."

"I remember you now," she returned. "You are the Troubadour."

The other was silent for a little, eying her attentively, but not in a manner that could offend her. "It's pleasant to see your face," he said at length. "This is a fit place for you to be in. I almost knew you would be here."

"I have been here only two or three times in my life," replied Madeleine. "My coming is an accident—at least—. Have you been in London ever since?"

"I was away for a long time. I have had changes."

"And I, too."

"Were they happy ones?"

"No. I don't know, though. Perhaps they are happy. Are yours?" she added, with a smile; "or would you prefer to be a Troubadour still?"

"I have more power than I used to have. But the world seems to have so little in it, that what one person gains, some other loses. I should like every one to have as much as I have."

"It does not follow that you should give up what is yours to others."

"No; I have a better right to it than they. Only I don't see how anything can really be mine, except what



is in myself. All other things have belonged to other people before I was born, and will go to others after I am dead. Most of the trouble in the world seems to come from quarrels about such things, which belong to nobody. Iago says, you know, that he who steals his good name is the only real thief. It's a puzzle. What ought I to do?"

"Why do you ask me that?" demanded Madeleine, with an impulse of surprise that was not unpleasurable. Indeed, it was scarcely surprise at all. Her meetings with this young man had been in each instance so unconventional and romantic, that she had begun insensibly to feel as if they stood in an exceptional relation as regarded each other. They could talk together in terms and on subjects not otherwise available. In her imagination he figured as a sort of abstract or ideal being; eminently handsome; strange and gentle of address; mysterious in origin and circumstances, with a mystery which she instinctively wished should remain unsolved; and able, perhaps, to afford her a sympathy and comprehension which were the more worth having because they were given on, so to say, immaterial and impersonal grounds. They met as spirits might meet, regarding things in their essence, and apart from accidental or particular conditions. Such a relation, to a worldly adviser, would appear full of danger and impropriety; and it was partly owing to her recognition of this that Madeleine had hitherto refrained from speaking of her unconventional acquaintance to any one, even to Bryan. She was inwardly conscious of a purity and value in this relation which would be profaned by communicating its existence to any third person whatever.

When, therefore, her companion appealed to her for counsel, she felt a thrill of surprised pleasure. It was a sign that he regarded her in the same light that she did him—that her reading of the situation had not been at fault. And though she replied with

"Why do you ask me that?" she foreboded the nature of his answer even while she spoke the words.

He began, however, in a manner which seemed somewhat foreign to the point.

"I never was taught any religion," he said. "To be out of doors was the only religion I knew; beautiful days, and storms, and darkness, used to give me the feeling that means God. But when I saw that picture of your face in the gold locket, it seemed all I wanted to make me a man. I thought of it all my life afterwards, and whenever I did anything false or unkind, it made me ashamed. At last, when I met you, you were even more than I had looked for. If you are not my religion, I don't know what else can be. I wish to do nothing that you would think badly of, and I don't care who else thinks badly of it. When I am in doubt or trouble, you will come, like an angel, and show me what to do; or the thought of you will tell me, if you are not there."

This speech—which has been written down rather as it remained in Madeleine's memory than literally as it was uttered—had nothing of personal passion in it. The tone was even less that of a lover than the phraseology. It was the tone of grave and spontaneous homage, in which no bodily, but only a spiritual, emotion had place. Yet to Madeleine it did not seem profane. A lovely woman does not put such fixed limits to the influence of her loveliness as not to admit the possibility of their indefinite enlargement. Why might she not be to some man as his religion? She might thereby help him, without detriment, surely, to her own soul. The world is full of symbols; why might she not be to this man the symbol of whatsoever he considered good? She must always be, indeed, far less good than he esteemed her; but in so far as she could lead him in lofty paths, she would tend to become what he believed her to be. To her mind, at the present juncture, one main charm of

the idea lay in its freedom from the conditions of ordinary affection as between man and woman. Her human love lay elsewhere, and was absorbing enough—ambiguous enough, too, in its possible issues and contingencies; but this was something on another level, and of different significance. It was purely ideal and symbolical, and therefore void of peril and offence. Of all the rôles she had ever imagined for herself, this seemed the worthiest and most exhilarating.

"If I advise you," she said, "you must take what I say only as something that you might have read perhaps, and that could be meant for you only in so far as it was true. And of course you must be the judge whether it is true or not. As to what you asked me, I think you ought to keep what is yours, if it came to you not less honestly than worldly possessions in general come to people. It may not be yours in the sense that your thoughts and feelings are; but it is more yours than mine, for instance; and it is your duty to take care of it, and to use it—not selfishly or hurtfully—but in the way that seems to you best and wisest. If you have money and power, you should make them felt for some good purpose; you should not throw them away for others, who might be less honest than you, to pick up."

"But if I knew some other person, who deserved it as much as I, ought I not to give it up?" inquired he, raising his eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, to her face.

"No; there is something sacred in luck," Madeleine replied with a sigh. "It comes and goes without our help, and we know not for what purpose, like the gods of old time. You must not interfere with its whims, though sometimes it curses when it seems to bless, and sometimes its blessings are a curse. I suppose we shall understand it afterwards. It is your luck to be rich, and mine to be poor, and perhaps we may both be the happier for it. But if we are not, still

it is luck, and unhappiness may be best for us. How can we know?"

"But may not luck be an evil god, instead of a good one, and mean to destroy us, even when seeming kind?"

As he spoke, a silver, bell-like sound began to make rhythmical music somewhere in the depths of vaulted space above their heads. It was the clock, striking the hour of noon. To Madeleine it brought the recollection of an engagement which it was strange she should have forgotten even for a moment.

"I must go!" she said abruptly, and making a motion to depart. Then she paused and turned to him once more. "It is more likely that you should see me again than that I should see you," she added. "I wish you well." She gave him her hand, which he grasped and immediately relinquished. "Perhaps," she concluded, "I may some day need your help more than you can ever need mine."

"If my help is all you need, you need never fear," he answered. Without more words they parted, he remaining where he was, and she passing out of his sight amidst the clustered pillars of the aisle. He had listened to his sermon, and if there were somewhat less of divine wisdom in it than he was apt to imagine, it had at all events been delivered with as much goodwill as is generally the accompaniment of orthodox pulpit discourses.

Madeleine, meanwhile, had betaken herself to the end of the south transept, where was a small doorway protected by a screen. Pushing aside the latter, she entered, and stood within a pleasant and shadowy inclosed space, whose walls were peopled with the busts of some of the most famous men of modern times, and of several who were perhaps not so famous. Nevertheless, a more august company has not often been gathered together within such socially narrow limits. Two or three persons were lingering about the place, staring up at the marble countenances, which stared

back with the unseeing gaze which characterises statues even more than people of fashion and idiots. As Madeleine paused near the entrance, looking for some one who did not appear, she felt a touch upon her arm, and turning round, beheld Bryan Sinclair, in very accurate morning costume, with a silk hat in one hand and an ebony cane in the other. His aspect in other respects was alert but genial.

"Come and sit down on this bench," he said. "Here we have rare Ben Jonson to watch over us. You are a good child to be so punctual. Did you have any difficulty about getting away?"

"No. Well—tell me!"

"Just what we expected. The decision is in his favour."

Madeleine kept very quiet, folding her hands in her lap, and looking straight before her.

"Then I am not the heiress of Castlemere?" she finally said.

"No; but you're the heiress of a great genius, which is better. For my own part, now that it's all over, I would not have had it otherwise. If you had remained an heiress, you never would have been an actress—except in private life, which is dangerous and unprofitable. Now, you will have the whole world at your feet; whereas in the other case you would have had only a section of English society. And as for the money part of it, you can make as much as you can conveniently get rid of, and save something to found a hospital with afterwards. What more do you want?"

"I want a great deal more," returned Madeleine in a low voice.

"Why, you insatiable little monster! How so?"

"I want to be sure that you love me and will be true to me. No, I don't half trust you, Bryan; you have got my heart, but not my head. If my heart were dead, I believe my head would hate you."

"Your heart will outlive the rest of you, my dear."

"I hope it will!" said Madeleine, with thoughtful emphasis. Anon, with a sigh, she roused herself and added, "You must tell me the particulars."

"Purely legal technicalities. The judge complimented your side on not raising any factitious obstacles. He said if the matter had come to a regular trial, with appeals and so forth, it might have lasted till the end of the century, but could have had only one ending, when it did end. He gave that thief Caliper a slap in the face, for ratting; but I must do Caliper the justice to say that he looked as if he enjoyed it. The whole business was over in an hour or so. I don't suppose forty thousand a year ever changed hands so quietly since the world began. And to think that an ounce of lead, in the right place, might have outweighed the whole of it!"

"Was the person—was the present Lord Castlemere there?" inquired Madeleine, after another meditative pause.

"He turned up, for a few minutes."

"What kind of a man is he?"

Bryan hesitated, glancing at her from the corner of his blue eye. At length he said, "From what I saw of him, I should say he was a commonplace little chap, under my height, with a crook in his back, and a long sallow face, with spectacles. He was dressed like a monkey on a hand-organ, and altogether looked not unlike one." Here Bryan chuckled, as if at the graphic truth of the portrait he had drawn. "I don't fancy you would care to adopt Uncle Arthur's suggestion as regarded that fellow," he finished by remarking.

Madeleine shuddered slightly. "I could as soon think of marrying any other man, while you are alive, as I could if I were already your wife. And yet I know you will live to make me miserable. There is a tragic time before us."

Bryan laughed. "You will be too much interested in your stage tragedy."

dies to indulge in tragedies off the stage. You treat me abominably. I should be indignant—if I knew how to be indignant with you. You would be kinder to me if you didn't know how helplessly I am your slave. In modern life, when Juliet loses her income, Romeo gives her up. But my constancy, you see, is superior to the freaks of fortune. I am reduced to eulogise myself, since you won't do it."

"My love has nothing to do with eulogies. I suspect you most because you are careful to show me only your best side. But no matter; we shall be together for better or worse. You may not love me very much, Bryan, but you cannot do without me; you can love no other woman so well. If you could, no pity for me would prevent you. Ah me! what a fool I am to be so wise. Well, what is to be done? Have you made any plans?"

"Plenty of 'em; and I'm ready to carry them out. Of course you know that your income under the new will is sufficient to live on comfortably; and you will be allowed to occupy the old house as long as you like. But my notion is, the sooner you are away from London the better. You can't begin anything here. Your friends would swamp you with advice and objections. You must break away from all that and come to Paris. You have an immense advantage in being as much French as you are English. You can make your *début* and confirm your reputation on the French stage. After that, your English friends will be glad enough to be permitted to idolise you. You will need very little preparation; you have been through more training already than half the great actresses of our time. And not one of them had half your natural materials to start with. You will make them forget Rachel."

Madeleine was listening with a more vivid expression than heretofore. Subtle movements passed through her. Her eyes opened and brightened, and her lips worked softly against each other. She drew her breath more

deeply, and her bosom visibly rose and fell.

"It will be worth while!" she murmured; "it will be worth everything! I can be happy in that. Oh, Bryan, we may be happy after all! When I am famous, you will be content with me. I shall be great for your sake. I have never been myself yet. You don't know what I can be! But how can I go to Paris?"

"You can go as Mrs. Bryan Sinclair."

She pressed her hands together firmly. "No; not that, yet," she said.

"Come, now! You're of marriageable age, aren't you? And your own mistress?"

"Yes; but I am nobody—I am not myself. You shall not marry me till I am a woman to be proud of. When I have made my success, then you can ask me, if you will."

"That idea is not up to your usual originality. It's not the stage lady, whom the public sees, that I marry; but the woman at home, whom the public has no concern with. Pride of that kind is not worth the breath you give to it. How could you get along in Paris, and going to rehearsals, if you had no 'Mrs.' to fall back on?"

"Kate Roland will come with me."

"Has she said so?"

"She knows nothing of my intention."

"And she'll be certain not to approve of it, when she does know. She is dead against me, too. If you apply to her, there will be mischief. Aunt Maria would do better."

"You know Aunt Maria is not her right self. Ever since last summer she has hardly seemed to know what she was about. She talks as if she were a young girl, sometimes, and as if she were expecting some lover to come for her. Poor old auntie! No; it would be worse than useless to have her, even if she could come."

"Humph! I wish she could have kept her wits about her a few months longer. She was the only one of them

who was on my side. What could have upset her?"

"Aunt Gertrude says it was the shock of hearing that I was to lose the estates. But Aunt Gertrude never tells the truth; and I think it must have been something different. Uncle Arthur has been to see Aunt Maria very often; he hardly ever used to come before. But she certainly cannot come with me to Paris. It must be Kate Roland, or nobody."

Bryan tapped his cane slowly upon the stone pavement. "Then I should vote for nobody!" he remarked.

"I know what you mean, Bryan; you are making me choose between you and Kate. You want her out of the way, because you can neither bully her nor deceive her. She sees what you are—and so do I, too; only I love you, and she does not. Yes, my darling," she went on, a wave of sad passionateness surging through her voice and brimming in her eyes, "I know, in my heart of hearts, that you are not good; that you are ruined and desperate, in soul if not in fortune. And if I cared a rush for myself, I would leave you now, and never see you again. But all that is too late now. I had the opportunity last summer, and I would not take it—I made poor Stanhope go and bring you back. And since then you have kept Kate and me apart all you could; you would make us enemies if you could. But you may put away anxiety, if you have any. I am yours! I will leave every one for you. If you wish me evil, you shall have the chance to do it. But I tell you, Bryan," she continued, in a more majestic and victorious tone, "that before the end comes, I will make you feel what it is to have been loved by a woman like me! You shall feel that I am worth more than all the world to you! And if you have ever done me wrong, in that time you will wish that you might sell your soul to put it right again!"

"Well done, Madey!" muttered Bryan, looking at her broodingly from beneath his red eyebrows. "There is

more stuff in you than there is in me, I verily believe; though I call myself second to no man. You can make my blood burn; and upon my word, you can make me wish I was a better man—or a worse one!" He gave a short laugh. "I have had visions of rocks ahead of us, too. And if you knew—what you may know, one of these days, perhaps you'd flinch from it. Come, I'll give you one more chance. Get up and go out of that door, and I'll give my word never to put eyes on you again. Off with you!"

After a moment's pause, Madeleine suddenly rose to her feet. Bryan started; but then, settling himself back upon the bench, he remained rigidly immovable, looking straight before him. But, after a little while, as Madeleine still remained standing near him, he looked up at her. She was smiling.

"Are you going?" he said, harshly.

"Not without you," she replied, smiling afresh.

"Sit down again," he said; and when she had complied, he added, "Give me your hand."

She put her hand in his.

"Now, Madeleine," he continued, "you belong to me. If there's any meaning in marriage, you are my wife. We're in church; and here are Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, to witness the act. You have given yourself to me, for better or worse. Whatever other ceremony may be performed over us in the future, will be only a repetition of this, without the meaning that this has. I gave you your chance fairly. You have thrown yourself away. I'll never give you the length of your little finger again. What have you got to say about it?"

She bent forward, and looked him in the eyes.

"I am not afraid of you, Bryan," she said. "My darling, there is nothing in me that shrinks from you. You cannot take me, so much as I give myself to you. I have more strength to give than you have to



receive; it is you who will be afraid of me, at last. Poor boy—poor fellow! Ah, I love you! This great iron hand of yours is not so powerful as my heart.”

The stray visitors had passed out of the Poet's Corner, and left the young lady and gentleman to themselves. For as much as an hour, perhaps, the poets and they had their privacy undisturbed. When, at length, the latter emerged into the body of the church, they passed down the great aisle lingeringly, arm-in-arm. But on reaching the open air, they parted, and went different ways.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

LADY MAYFAIR, IN TRYING TO BE KIND TO AN INEXPERIENCED YOUNG GENTLEMAN, UNDERGOES A NOVEL EXPERIENCE OF HER OWN.

As a matter of social courtesy, if on no other account, some attention must be paid to that fortunate young nobleman, the fourteenth baron of Castlemere. As the inheritor of an ancient name and of large possessions, he was naturally an object of interest; and his position was further improved by romantic rumours as to the manner in which he had entered upon his inheritance. At the comparatively primitive period of which I am treating, the public press had developed nothing like the enterprise and penetration which characterise it at the present day; and information regarding his new lordship was therefore neither so copious nor so accurate as it would doubtless have been had he come up to town thirty years later. Nevertheless, a good deal of talk upon the subject was floating about. It was generally accepted, for example, that he had been born in foreign parts; France being mentioned as enjoying the best claim to the honour of being his birthplace. It was recalled that the late Lord Castlemere had, in his youth, been a great traveller and Radical; and it was not

difficult to understand that, during his residence in the French capital, he had fallen deeply in love with a young lady of high rank, but who had embraced the communistic principles of the Revolution. On this affair becoming known to the late baron's father, the latter had threatened him with disinheritance in the event of his marrying the fascinating fair republican. The connection had, accordingly, been ostensibly broken off; but, as a matter of fact, a secret wedding had taken place. Owing to the necessity of keeping this union from the knowledge of the lady's relatives, as well as from those of Mr. Vivian, the former personage feigned illness, and went to reside at a country seat belonging to her family, somewhere in the interior. At this point the story becomes vague; but it is plain that a son must have been born in this retreat; and it is quite conceivable that abundance of intrigue was brought into play to keep his birth from becoming known. But the difficulty of concealing an irregular baby would seem to be second only to that of disposing of a murdered corpse; and it cannot be doubted that Mrs. Vivian's family finally became cognisant of the embarrassing fact. At this juncture the young mother exhibited heroic qualities. Knowing that the announcement that she was Vivian's wife would occasion his disinheritance, she nobly refused to give her child a father, and even allowed it to be inferred that her connection with the individual in question had lacked the consecration of the church. The consequence was, that her family excommunicated her; and (Vivian happening to be unavoidably absent at the time) she retired to a convent, or some such institution, and presently died there. The baby, however, survived; and—by what means it is unnecessary to inquire—was spirited away; and during many years its whereabouts remained an enigma. Meantime, the old baron had died, and Mr. Floyd Vivian had succeeded to the title and estates; his first act was to make

inquiries after his lost wife ; which inquiries resulted in the discovery that she was no more ; and it was added (whether in good faith or with deliberate intent to deceive) that her infant had not survived her. Finding himself thus widowed and (as he believed) childless, at one blow, Lord Castlemere, like the well-conducted English nobleman that he was, immediately set about paying his addresses to another lady. The subsequent events were known. Children by the second marriage failing, Lord Castlemere adopted his niece, and educated her with a view to carrying on the name and dignities of the race. But just when he was settling comfortably down into a serene and respectable middle-age, a disquieting report reached him that the son whom he had supposed to be dead still lived, having been smuggled off to America in charge of his nurse, who now, on her deathbed, had divulged the truth. To America, then, Lord Castlemere betook himself ; but his expedition proved in vain. The old nurse was dead, and the child had again vanished, none knew whither. The fact was, he had been carried off by his uncle, who had received prior intelligence of his existence, and was naturally unwilling that his own offspring should suffer through so unreasonable a misfortune. Lord Castlemere died abroad, probably in consequence of the hardships incident to the savage character of the country to whose hospitality he had incautiously trusted himself. And now, at the eleventh hour, the long-lost heir descends from the clouds, establishes his claim to the inheritance, and makes his appearance upon the social stage.

This, it will be conceded, was an admirably close approximation to the version of the fourteenth baron's vicissitudes which has been set forth in the preceding pages. Success is a great conciliator ; and young Lord Castlemere having achieved the object of his existence, society was prepared

to receive him with all due encouragement and cordiality. He was universally invited to dinner ; and mothers manipulated their marriageable daughters with renewed hope. Ere long, however, a new object of speculation and discussion declared itself. In narrating the history of his early adventures, the amateur historians had taken it for granted that his lordship came into relation with the great world on the footing of unencumbered bachelorhood. But by degrees a whisper began to circulate that such was not precisely the case. In some way or other, a woman was mixed up in the affair. Was she a person in society ? To this question no definite answer was forthcoming. Nobody could be found who had seen her, though several were in a position to affirm that she had been seen. It was certain, meanwhile, that she did not accompany Lord Castlemere about town, and that, consequently, he could not have made her existence officially known. The suggestion that she might not be what is generally recognised as a wife was too shocking and unmentionable not to find numerous supporters ; but so long as she remained wholly invisible, there was small satisfaction even in that. The effect of so much mystery and ambiguity was greatly to increase Lord Castlemere's popularity ; and he fed the flame by declining all but a few of the invitations sent to him. Indeed, his personal appearance was still so little known, that he might be riding in the park every day without being identified. Those who had been fed on stories of his American experience were on the look-out for a black-haired warrior, skimming along in Indian costume on a bare-backed mustang ; but neither early nor late was any phenomenon answering that description to be met with in the Row. Such was the prevailing ambiguity, in short, with regard to the latest descendant of the Vivians, that after two or three month's inconclusive gossip, there were not wanting sceptics to declare

they didn't believe there was ever any such person.

It was not quite so bad as that, however. One morning a note, in a slender white envelope, with a coat-of-arms on the seal, was brought to Lord Castlemere's residence by a footman in livery; and a few hours afterwards that nobleman presented himself at Lady Mayfair's door, and was straightway admitted to her private boudoir.

For the moment the boudoir was empty. It was a nearly square room, not too large, and beautifully fitted up. The walls were hung with pale yellow figured satin, the woodwork being of satin-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Above the mantelpiece was a picture, by an Italian painter, of Pandora; she knelt beside the fatal box with her hand upon the lid; her beautiful countenance glancing over her shoulder at the spectator, with an expression half mischievous, half timid. It was noticeable that the features bore a singular likeness to Lady Mayfair's own. The mantelpiece and the fittings of the fire-place were of polished brass; the floor of dark inlaid wood, partly covered with Indian rugs. In the window was a large oblong box of porcelain, completely filling the embrasure, and mounded up with a bank of growing violets; and violets stood in vases upon the tables, and their fragrance perfumed the air. The furniture was mostly of the Chippendale pattern, and was upholstered in lavender-hued silk; but there were a couple of low easy chairs facing the hearth which were constructed upon more luxurious principles than had ever entered into the mind of the above-mentioned famous manufacturer to conceive. A brass candelabra, filled with many wax candles of a purple tint, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and other candles stood in brass sconces affixed to the walls. But it was daylight still, and the candles were not alight. Lord Castlemere looked about him with the quiet comprehensiveness of observation that was characteristic of him; and

perhaps contrasted the exquisite little scene before him with a wigwam in the Sacramento valley, with its festoons of scalps, its furniture of skins, and its swarthy and savage inhabitants. They were the types of two very different species of luxury; which was, on the whole, preferable, it would need much argument to determine.

Lady Mayfair came in. A sort of flowing robe, elaborate in its simplicity, clothed her graceful figure; it fell in soft folds of purple silk, and at the throat and wrists were delicate films of lace. Her hair, of glistening brown, was bound in plain coils round her head, and one heavy lock fell upon her shoulder. The contours of her charming face were young, almost girlish; but the shifting expressions of her mouth and eyes betokened a maturity of experience which might have belonged to years much more advanced than hers appeared to be. She was, in fact, a woman of the world—of the great world; and a more nearly perfect specimen of her class did not perhaps exist. She met Lord Castlemere with a graceful smile.

"It is very good of you to come to me on such short notice, and in this informal way," she said. "But there is no satisfaction in the brief glimpses one gets of one's friends at receptions and dinners; and I have wished to have a quiet chat with you since ever so long. Sit down here before the fire, and drink a cup of my tea, which I am going to make for you myself."

To drink tea with Lady Mayfair alone in her boudoir was a distinction which no gentleman in London would not have intrigued to secure; but she disguised her favour so well that the young baron took it quite as a matter of course. He possessed, moreover, a natural dignity and tact which rendered him able to meet the great lady on terms comfortable to both. Polite protestations were as foreign to him as fussy courtesies were to her. He was singularly free from self-consciousness; and she was so exquisitely self-conscious as completely to conceal it.

Thus, by opposite paths, they approached, so far as outward demeanour was concerned, to pretty much the same level of good manners.

"Are you less of a hermit than you were?" she asked him. "By what I hear, London sees less of you than it thinks it has a right to expect."

"It seems to me I meet a good many people," Lord Castlemere replied. "But I myself hardly know the son of my father yet; and until I do, I don't wish to introduce him to other people."

"That sculptor was a very pleasant fellow; I sometimes wish him back again," remarked her ladyship, archly. "He left a design on my hands for a group; I fear it will never become bronze now. He left no disciples behind him."

"He has taken up a more difficult business," said the other, stirring his tea.

"And I suppose I must confess—a better one; both for him and for us."

"No, not better. It's only fate, as Bryan would say. I shall never understand the barons of England as well as I understood the wolves and Indians of California."

"You would not go back to wolves and Indians, though?"

"That is what makes me say I don't know myself. I see what I am most fit for; and yet I stick to something else, and say it's fate."

"Fate is a classic word, I believe, but it means too many things. When you are as wise as I am, you will know that men—and women too—never follow their intellectual convictions. There is no such thing as an intellectual conviction. If there were, everybody would have come to think alike on all subjects, thousands of years ago. But you want to do a thing—you set your heart upon it—and then you justify yourself by inventing all sorts of arguments to make your wish appear reasonable. Is your tea sweet enough? That is the origin of all religions and all philosophies. This London life that we lead is very easy

to satirise, and very easy for those who cannot belong to it to despise; and we who are in it may grumble, and say that something else would suit us better. But we never abandon it of our own free will; because, really, the world has nothing better. Science, and art, and literature exist only for our benefit and amusement, and without us they would die. Even religion has become little more than an opportunity for our new bonnets, and for the headings of royal proclamations. We are at the very centre of all life; and those who are not of us live only by the life which we transmit to them. So if you don't make my bronze group for me, by becoming one of the barons of England you will be the cause of other bronze groups being made. The stronger the heart is, you know, the more active the whole body."

"I think there is truth in some of that," observed Lord Castlemere, emptying his cup. "But other people besides us fall in love, and hate, and sin, and die; there is plenty of life in those things; and they would go on even if we came to an end."

"At all events, you will find a use for your genius for sculpture in moulding the fortunes of the state," returned Lady Mayfair, softening the grandeur of the phrase by the smile with which she uttered it. "Have you chosen your side in politics?"

"What is there to choose?" his lordship inquired.

"I am a Tory myself, because I am an unprotected female; but I'm not sure that I should advise you to be one—at least, not at first. Of course it depends upon the solidity of one's social position—one's wealth and rank, and so forth. I should think you might afford to be a Liberal for several years to come. Liberals often promote Conservative interests more directly and picturesquely than Conservatives themselves can; and young men often find more piquancy in looking over the edge of things than in arranging matters inside. But in deciding that question, you must take

into consideration the sort of woman you mean to marry."

"Must I get married?"

"Have you any objection to it?" the great lady asked lightly. But there was a vestige of something like curiosity behind the laughing glance with which she awaited his reply.

"I haven't thought about it at all," was all he happened to say.

"At the worst it ought to be a useful step," observed Lady Mayfair after a pause, dropping her eyes to the cluster of violets in her bosom, and caressing their petals with dainty finger-tips; "and it is capable of being much more than that. At first sight there does seem to be something rather clumsy in nature's division of us into male and female; but, after all, we turn it to very good account. We are all selfish creatures, but love is the wisest form of selfishness; and when that is over, society can be better entertained by a man and a woman than by either alone. Even if they live apart in great measure, or one of them dies, the fact that they have been married is of the greatest convenience to them; unmarried people are bound hand and foot; the men because they are dangerous, and the women because they are in danger. There is only one thing more stupid than not to marry, and that is to be divorced—unless, of course, the match was a bad one, and you make a better. And even so there would be a difficulty if there had been children."

Lady Mayfair uttered this wisdom, not in a formal or didactic manner, but with pauses interspersed, and slight, careless changes of attitude, and a variety of gentle and genial modulations in her voice. Lord Castlemere listened with an attention which was itself a flattery.

"Do you believe," he inquired, after looking thoughtfully at his interlocutor for a moment or two, "that the people you call 'we' are really different from the others; or is the difference only in what things we and the others think worth doing or not doing?"

"But would not that be all the difference in the world?" replied the lady, kindly. "Can we not do all that the others can ever wish to do, and a great deal more besides?"

"The people that I have met about here—the aristocrats, I mean—always behave as if they were pleased with one another, and everything were right and comfortable. They smile, but laugh seldom, and never fly into a rage, or cry. It was not so with other persons I have lived with. Is that the price of being what we are—to lose all power of joy and grief and anger?"

"Oh, we may feel all passions," replied her ladyship, somewhat amused, "but it is the distinction of a high civilisation not to let one's feelings appear."

"What is the reason of that?"

"Life moves more easily."

"But if the passions are there? I could imagine getting along easily enough if I had no passions—only that I should not feel alive at all."

"One has to forego some things in order to gain others."

"I see no gain. To hide what I am can help neither me nor you."

"It may relieve me from feeling pain about you; and you know Christianity demands that we should spare one another pain."

"I don't know much about Christianity, except that Christ is God showing Himself through a man. I cannot hide what I am from Him, and why should I spare you pain which He must go on feeling?"

"My dear Lord Castlemere, I fear we are drifting towards a theological discussion, to which I am unequal. All I meant was, that, as we are not perfect, and there is no present prospect of our becoming so, the best thing we can do is to act as if we were. To display all our evil impulses would surely be to encourage their remaining with us. Out of sight, out of mind."

"To cover up an ugly thing is not the way to make it beautiful; by keeping it in sight we might find some



way of making it better. I don't like your civilisation, Lady Mayfair. I might as well bind my hands and feet and stop my breath. I like to be like other men; and if to be civilised were to walk on stilts, or to paint one's face blue, or to stand naked in the street, I would do it. But why should I pretend to be what I am not? I was born to be myself, and that I shall always be, no matter what I do. Sometimes things seem to me to be shadows or dreams, but your civilisation would make me a shadow's shadow. Why, Lady Mayfair, you know what it is to love a man—you have given yourself all up to him? or may be you had a child, and it died? or you have done some wickedness, such as other women have done, and all might do? Wasn't there delight or reality in that? Did you not feel the warmth and the weakness and the strength of all other women alive in you then? When you are alone, and your memory looks back at what you have done and felt, do not those things stand above all the rest?"

"I see you are a poet as well as a sculptor," said Lady Mayfair, rather faintly. There was an unwonted flush in her cheeks, and, as she looked at him, she drew shorter breath, and a glowing languor shone in her lovely eyes.

Lord Castlemere had risen to his feet almost at the beginning of this outburst, and at the words, "Why, Lady Mayfair," he had walked close up to where she sat, and stood looking down upon her. He was aroused, full of masculine energy, concentrated, dominant; no object better worth regarding had faced Lady Mayfair for many a day. He put her wholly on her defence; and yet she would not have cared to defend herself, had she known her defence secure.

"I knew an Indian girl once," the young baron continued, "whose skin was as brown as your eyes, but her hand was as soft as yours; and no woman ever loved a man more tenderly and faithfully than she loved

me, or more passionately. Nothing was hidden between us. We used few words, but we knew what we meant. We lived in a wigwam; she cooked the deer and bear that I shot with my arrows, and the fish that I caught; we slept rolled up in buffalo skins. We had a child—a little daughter. My friend Hugh Berne used to tell me that I should never be so happy as I was then. I wish I had known then what I know now! I have never spoken of her before; I could not! When she was carried off, I did not follow her. Since then I have found out that she died, following me, as she thought; she came eastward, but never got as far as the old village on the coast that I used to tell her of. But when she died, some traders took the child from her, and brought it on, and gave it to me at last. Civilisation would not have done more than that, would it? Kooahi had put round its neck the necklace of wampum that I gave her when we first loved each other. I have brought the child here with me. I shall never have another. She will inherit Castlemere. Only I think it might be best if I took her away from this, and went back with her to the Sacramento valley. What do you think, Lady Mayfair?"

"Oh no—no, my dear friend—may I call you that? You will not find us all so heartless and formal as you suppose." The tone in which she spoke, her aspect and her attitude, said more than her words.

But Lord Castlemere's mind was fixed on other things. He seated himself again, and rested his cheek on his hand. His excited mood ebbed by degrees, leaving depression. But during many months he had kept a reserve that was not normal to his character. The pressure of new things, not less than the memory of old, had made him silent. To-day, it seemed, he was in the vein to speak.

"No, I won't go back," he said. "I should be a fool to think I can do as I will. Something always says 'you

must'—Luck, or Fate, or God—I don't know what. My life was settled before I began to live. I am my father's son; dead men rule the living. This inheritance of mine was a fine thing, I thought; but there's blood upon it. For more than seven years the papers lay inside the ribs of the man I killed, buried beneath a rock; and when I went back the rock was torn away for me to find them there. I must go on, and take my little girl with me. I hope she will get to a better light than I shall."

Several of these sentences were wholly unintelligible to Lady Mayfair, but she did not like them the less for being ominous and mysterious. When a woman of the world has said to herself that a man is worth encouraging, nothing short of jealousy or ridicule (and these not always) will serve to disenchant her. Lady Mayfair, who had begun by thinking that it would be amusing to obtain the credit, so to speak, of Lord Castlemere by making him her *protégé*, indoctrinating him in worldly affairs, and using him, perhaps, as the instrument of her social and political intrigues—had unexpectedly found herself upon another footing than she anticipated. But we will not pause here to investigate this phenomenon. His lordship remained unconscious of having produced any impression, good or bad; he was too much pre-occupied with his own emotions and speculations for that; and, moreover, he had never been trained to observe the effect upon the opposite sex of his utterances and behaviour. He was in a quandary, and prone to take his course rashly or passionately. In fact the thing that he needed, and vaguely felt that he needed, was experience. He had been forcibly and unexpectedly thrown out of the lines of earlier existence, and he had found speculation and theory wholly incapable of preparing him for the existence to come. He must experiment, blindly and recklessly, in order to arrive at a practical understanding of the new things amidst which he was placed.

Meanwhile he was like a race-horse, quivering with potential achievement but ignorant of his right direction. Men bred amidst the vast solitudes and influences of nature are generally calm in their outward bearings, because the intensity of life within them is at once stimulated and appeased by their environment. But when the same men are transplanted into hot-bed cities, with millions of human creatures running to and fro confusedly about them on a thousand different errands, their calmness is apt to give way; the vital fire still burning in their souls as ardently as before, but there being nothing outside to keep it within bounds.

And yet the last sentence is too sweeping. Providence never seems to leave men entirely to the destructive tendencies of their own characters. Lord Castlemere, for example, had at least two salutary checks put upon him; one of which was his little daughter, while the other was something to which he could scarcely have given a name, but which was incarnate in the black-eyed fascination of a woman whom he had met but thrice, yet who stood to him in the place of a divinity and almost of a conscience. It is no discredit to Lady Mayfair's penetration to say that she was wholly unsuspecting of the latter influence in her friend's problem. On the contrary, she surmised a regrettable vacancy in that direction, and perhaps fancied she knew some one who could supply it. She looked at his lordship very warmly.

"My dear lord," she said, laying her finger-tips lightly on his sleeve, so as to indicate that he was to resume his place beside her. "You must not try to see and settle everything in a moment. You must let me be your friend. I will try to make you willing to be mine. You have a great and splendid career before you; I would not dare to tell you how splendid I believe it will be. You have all the intellectual ability of the best men of our class, and you have in addition much that they can never

attain—originality, freshness, genius. Begin slowly; time, as well as the world and nature, are on your side. Come and see me often; this room, into which no other man comes, will always be open to you. Bring your little girl with you; I care for her already for your sake. If you are bothered or unhappy give me a chance to help you. I am not without knowledge of this world that seems so strange to you; not without influence in it either. I have been unhappy, as well as you, Lord Castlemere, and disappointed, and—rebellious! Ah, my friend—I could tell you—”

Here there was a discreet knock at the door. A shade crossed Lady Mayfair's face. She leaned back in her chair (she had been bending towards Castlemere, and her soft hand had just touched his own) and said—

“Come in.”

“Please, your ladyship, the Marquis of Piccadilly is below,” said the servant.

After a brief pause Lady Mayfair replied—

“I gave orders that I was at home to no one.”

The servant bowed and withdrew.

“I was just going,” said Lord Castlemere, rising.

Lady Mayfair rose also, and placed herself before him, looking up in his face.

“Don't go,” she said, in a low voice. “I would not see him, because—shall I tell you?—he came to ask me to marry him, and I have made up my mind that I won't have him!”

“How long since you made up your mind to that?” his lordship inquired.

“I don't know. You have not been here long. Sit down again,” answered Lady Mayfair, with a faint blush and smile.

between Whig and Tory, was eminently an aristocratic institution. The bulk of its members were not so much men of light and leading as of land and lineage. It had traditions extending back for nearly a hundred years, and its present prosperity was worthy of its past reputation. If it did not give a policy to Parliament, it gave direction to the higher social development. The time-darkened portraits on the walls of its smoking-room had been made parties to passages of high-life anecdote and gossip which, could they have revealed them, might perceptibly have modified the judgments of the contemporary historian. Clubs are considered to be one of the highest products of an artificial civilisation, but it may be questioned whether they do not tend in some measure to deter that consummation of which they are supposed to be the best illustration. The secrets which impose upon the world are brought to light in the club; it beholds and discusses the frailties and shortcomings of the specious social organism which it professes to recommend. Like Penelope of old, it disentangles by night the web it weaves during the day. Nor is the fact of ill augury; since otherwise we might be in danger of getting so deeply enmeshed in the toils of our own hypocrisies as to render extrication a desperate enterprise.

The Marquis of Piccadilly was one of the pillars of the Grandison Club; not that he was himself an antique personage; he had only arrived at that age when it might be said of him “He is still a young man.” But his forefathers had been connected with the club from its earliest foundation, and he had, as it were, inherited their membership along with their other good attributes. The marquis was one of those bachelors who live in the constant contemplation of a possible marriage; and who thereby inflict the most wearing anxiety upon the mothers of matrimonial young women. For a bachelor who is always on the verge of becoming a Benedict is apt to be the

## CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH TWO NEW CHARACTERS ARE INTRODUCED, AND THE STORY ENTERS UPON A NEW PHASE.

THE Grandison Club, St. James's, although it made no discrimination

least likely of all bachelors to overstep that verge; like the man who lived within a mile of Niagara and never went to see the Falls, because the distance was so inconsiderable. Lord Piccadilly's engagement to most of the beauties and heiresses of the day had, at various times, been reported; but a Lady Piccadilly had yet to make her appearance. Possibly an unmarried man who was also a member of the Grandison had less chance of bettering his condition than the generality of his species; the club affording such special facilities for becoming acquainted with the ways and means of the diviner sex, as to leave little or no new ground for matrimony to explore. Be that as it may, Lord Piccadilly had come to be regarded, by all his associates except himself, as one of the most inveterate single men about town; and in this repute he remained up to the middle of the summer season preceding the autumn of our latter chapters. Then a rumour began to circulate that something was the matter between him and Lady Mayfair. So well-founded did this rumour prove, that, before the season was over, his lordship was said to have confided to an intimate friend that he had made up his mind to make Lady Mayfair his wife. The match was so entirely unlooked for as to seem probable; and the betting gradually changed from ten to one against the lady, to five to four in her favour. The latter were the odds as quoted on the day when Lord Castlemere had the interview with her ladyship, a portion whereof has just been described. But after that there was a collapse. The Marquis suddenly disappeared; and it was not until some time in the following spring that society received the information that he had been met travelling in the Levant. Lady Mayfair, meanwhile, remained in London, and it was evident that the Marquis had ceased to have any share in her arrangements. Certain indications even seemed to suggest a notion that she had been making arrangements with some one

else. And this some one else was a personage who had, of late, been attracting the notice of the fashionable world in more ways than one.

On a certain afternoon in May, as old Captain Cavendish was turning over the pages of the *Army and Navy Gazette* in the smoking-room, with his box of rappee open on the table beside him, young Fred Beauchamp came in, with a riding-whip in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth. He walked up to the mantelpiece, struck a light, and said—

"Morning, captain!"

"Mornin'," returned the captain, in a jaundiced tone. The captain had fought under Wellington, and in personal appearance was said to resemble that great soldier. He himself, at all events, thought so, and arranged himself upon that theory. The heavy hook-nose was already there; the stern, magisterial manner, the terse speech, and the white waistcoat were points of detail which the captain was careful not to omit. That he was not also a duke was the fault of an unappreciative nation, not his own. It was an oversight upon which the captain was capable of waxing eloquent, and which inclined him to be tetchy on subjects in no way connected with the army. A world which could neglect Captain Cavendish was, indeed, capable of anything; and the captain's hook nose, though it had not brought him the professional distinction which he merited, was a symbol of the remarkably keen scent he had for the social and moral obliquities of his fellow creatures.

"Heard the news?" inquired Mr. Beauchamp.

"Humph! what's wrong now?" demanded the other, resorting to his snuff-box.

"Best thing could happen. Castlemere's elected."

"The club is going to the devil. Too many boys in it already. Better men, sir, than he will ever be have been waiting ten years, begad, for a ballot; and now this young whipper-snapper must be passed over their

heads. Shameful! Not that I'm surprised: not a bit of it! Ha!"

"Castlemere is a capital fellow; worth a dozen of that milk-and-water old father of his. You don't know him as I do, captain. I've been showing him the way about London. He was a little strange at first, but he's picked up amazingly these last months. You ought to see him ride, too; never knew such a fellow across country. Been brought up with the savages in America, you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced good-looking chap; all the women in love with him. Must have been married once, though, or something of the kind: got a kid, you know—queer little dark thing, with straight black hair; Castlemere's awful fond of her. It was thought, you know, last year, that he had a wife or something alive; but that's all gammon. He might marry any woman he liked. They say it was he cut out old Piccadilly last winter. Shouldn't wonder if it was true. I know the Mayfair is uncommonly gracious to him. I can't make out what he thinks of her, though; he's such an awfully dark fellow about some things. But I like that in him; I don't care for a fellow to tell me all he thinks and feels, you know. When you know him, you'll like him as much as I do. I'll introduce you to him if you say so."

"I'll apply to you when I feel the need of making his lordship's acquaintance," replied the captain, with grim sarcasm. "But you mustn't expect me to keep up the pace, at my age, with two wild young bloods like you and him. How early in the day is he usually drunk?"

"Oh, some days he's not drunk at all," the other gentleman answered frankly. "And he's got lots of ability, and all that sort of thing, you know. Shouldn't wonder if he took his seat in the Upper House before long, and made a hit there. He wants to be just like the rest of us—he told me that; though I don't believe Castlemere ever will be quite like other fellows; and that's one reason

why I like him so much. I don't care for a fellow to be just like every other fellow, you know. He's awfully blue at times, Castlemere is; gets hipped when you wouldn't expect it; I fancy all fellows who have a lot in 'em do that. You never can tell what they may be thinking of—d'you know what I mean?"

"You express yourself very well, sir: when your friend has got a lot in him—that is after dinner, I suppose—you never can tell what he'll be up to next. As to his getting the blues, I should say a man who was making love to one woman, and having black-haired children by another who wasn't his wife, and getting drunk between times, might very easily be subject to occasional fits of depression." Here the captain took snuff with the air of a man who feels that he has delivered himself epigrammatically. Mr. Beauchamp looked at his companion rather doubtfully; but before he could make up his mind as to whether he was being chaffed or not, the door opened, and Bryan Sinclair came in.

"Heard the news?" was his first inquiry.

"Mr. Beauchamp has just favoured me with it," said the captain. "Lord Castlemere is a friend of yours also, is he?"

"I can't say he is exactly. But I was speaking of Lord Piccadilly. He arrived in London this morning, bearing with him the spoils of the East. I understand he means to set the fashion of smoking chibouques and sitting cross-legged."

"He and Castlemere were rivals, I'm told. Does his return mean a renewal of operations?"

"I heard something of that affair," said Sinclair, running his tongue between his lips, and inclining his head to one side. "I don't imagine this new man—Castlemere do you call him?—will stand in the Marquis's way, if the Marquis chooses to go on. Castlemere is nothing but a boy; the lady has been kind to him, no doubt; but nothing more, I take it."

"Ha!" said the captain, half-closing



his eyes, and rubbing the back of his head sceptically.

"It's extraordinary how much like Wellington he is at times," observed Sinclair, in an aside tone, to Beauchamp. "That was his Grace's tone and gesture, to a hair."

The captain blew his nose resoundingly, partly to indicate that he had not heard this piece of criticism, and partly to conceal the gratification with which it had irradiated his features. "By the by, Sinclair," he then said, "I think of having a few good men to dine at my quarters on Wednesday week; I was going to ask you if you'd join us?"

"Wednesday week? Afraid I can't manage it, my dear Cavendish. I shall probably be leaving England on Saturday next. I'm very sorry."

"Leaving England in May!" exclaimed Beauchamp. "By Jove! Where on earth can a fellow go in May? You're as bad as Piccadilly."

"I shall probably be back by the end of June," returned the other. "I shall run down to Copenhagen, and make a trip among the fiords and mountains for a week or two. Maybe I shall get still higher north—that's as it happens. Hullo, Maurice! you're a stranger."

Sir Stanhope had entered, and was standing just within the doorway as Sinclair spoke; he wore a look of agitation that was scarcely disguised. "I'm very glad to find you here," he said, eying Sinclair with a peculiar intentness.

"Thanks—same to you! Anything going on?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"Everybody's got news to-day, begad!" exclaimed the captain. "It's as good as a newspaper office."

"What's the matter, Stanhope?" said Sinclair, carelessly. "Anything that concerns me?"

Maurice came up to his chair and said in a low voice, "Can you come outside for a minute? It concerns you terribly."

"Not enough to spoil my dinner, I hope?" returned Sinclair, laughing. "Well, come along. I was just going across to Bond Street. *Au revoir*, Cavendish; bye-bye, Beauchamp!"

When they were in the street he turned upon Stanhope and asked, "What the deuce is it, man? You look as if you'd lost your digestion!"

"Do you know where Madeleine Vivian is?" demanded Stanhope, very gravely.

"To be sure I do. In her aunt's house in Wimpole Street."

"When did you see her last?"

"Let me see; the day before yesterday afternoon. Not that I see what business it is of yours, my good fellow."

"Only this—that she has gone off, and left no trace of herself. To tell you the truth, I thought you had gone with her. I'm glad to find I was mistaken."

"Gone? What do you mean?" said Sinclair, grasping the other's arm, and speaking between his teeth. "Who has gone with her?"

"No one. Neither Kate Roland nor any one knows more about it than I do. I thought she might have said something to you that would give us a clue——"

"Stop!" said Sinclair, who appeared to have been thinking intensely; "have you tried America?"

"America?"

"It's only a guess—but there may be something in it. There's no time to be lost. Meet me at my rooms at five o'clock—an hour from this time. I shall be ready then to do whatever can be done. Till five o'clock, adieu!"

The next moment Sinclair had hailed a hansom and driven off, leaving Stanhope on the pavement. Sinclair, when he was out of his friend's range of vision, rubbed his chin with his gloved hand, and chuckled silently. But afterwards a gloomier expression gradually settled upon his bold and ambiguous features.

*To be continued.*

## TWO YEARS AFTER.

The winter morning as I write—  
 In the grim city's gloomy light,  
 Midst fogs that choke street, river, church,  
 And the fast falling flakes besmirch—

How pure o'er that far country side  
 Must gleam the snow-waste drifted wide;  
 In my mind's eye I see it rolled  
 O'er stream-gashed glen and brambly wold;

O'er wheat-sown slope and climbing lane,  
 And ridge that bounds the battle plain;  
 And orchard, lawn, and garden-sward—  
 That same white raiment of the Lord!

The church stands on the woodland hill,  
 The pine-trees fence the churchyard still;  
 Eastward it looks, that home of hers,  
 The robin whistles in her firs.

All seems the same; but where is she  
 Whose name is breathed from brake and tree?  
 Where lives and soars that noblest one  
 It raised our life to look upon?

Shall spring-tide wake the world again,  
 And summer light the eyes of men?  
 Shall throistles thrill her oaken glade,  
 The primrose star her hazel shade?

This icy mist, these clouds of gray,  
 Will they not all be wept away?  
 And western airs blow kindly through  
 Large lucid skies of tender blue?

And shall no vernal dawn await  
The hopes by Death left desolate?  
No shining angel brood above  
The sepulchre of human love?

That brain of strength, that heart of fire,  
That liquid voice, a living lyre—  
Do not these vibrate, throb, and burn  
Where the lost lights of time return?

The aspiration, passion, power,  
That crowd with fate a mortal hour,  
Are these crude seeds no bloom may bless,  
Beginnings bright of emptiness?

Love's shattered dream—shall it not rise  
Re-built for immortal eyes?  
Life's broken song end where round Him  
Still quire the "young-eyed cherubim"?

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

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NOTE.

The author of the article on "The Roman Camp of the Saalburg" (in the June number) begs to refer his readers to a paper on "The Saalburg and Saarbrücken" contributed by Mr. E. A. Freeman to this Magazine in November, 1872. This reference was inadvertently omitted in the June number. It will be seen that the two articles deal with different aspects of the subject, the later one being chiefly archaeological in its character, while the earlier one brings out with great force the world-historical import of the battles fought at Artaunum.

## THE SALVATION ARMY.

SOON after the clock has struck 7.30 p.m., the passer-by, in many of the smaller streets of London or our large provincial towns, may hear a sound of distant music, and see a crowd approaching. As it advances he perceives that it is headed by a young man in a uniform, or a young woman in a peculiar black bonnet, carrying a standard, and accompanied by a young person of either sex who walks backwards, beating time for the music. Next come three or four lads playing with more vigour than harmony upon a variety of brass instruments; then several rows of men, marching five or six abreast, with linked arms; next as many lines of women similarly banded together; and finally several more serried ranks of men. All step rapidly forward, with serious, purposelike faces, apparently unconscious of the multitude around—some of whom join loudly in the singing, whilst others improvise parodies of the hymn, or pelt them with the cabbage-stalks, dead cats, dirt, brickbats, or stones with which the London rough loves to assert his supremacy; and as they step they sing to a swinging, jubilant air some such verse as this—

"We're trav'ling on to Heaven above,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
Millions have reached that blessed shore,  
Their trials and their labours o'er,  
And yet there's room for millions more;  
Will you go? Will you go?"

Suddenly the ranks break and form afresh, into a circle; the crowd halts too, the people in the neighbouring houses come out into the street or throw open their windows to listen; a man steps forward into the middle of the ring and addresses the bystanders with much earnestness and vehemence of gesticulation, in the simple tongue which they understand best: "Friends," he says, "thank God I'm trav'ling on to Heaven

above" ("Allelujah!" ejaculate his companions); "but I ain't satisfied with gettin' there myself, I wants you, every one of you, to come along too! Will ye go! That's what I axe ye, will ye go! You can; the worst on ye!" (Cries of "Oh yes! so ye can; praise the Lord!") "A year ago I was as big a blackguard as any one here. I used to be well-nigh mad with the drink; but Jesus showed me the Hell afore me, and, what was better, He showed me His love, and has cleansed me in His Blood, and saved me!" ("Amen! Allelujah!") "Oh, friends, let Him do the same for you; now, to-night! He's a-longin' to! Come right off to our meetin' and hear of His salvation." A short prayer follows, the ranks are reformed, another hymn is started, and the procession moves on, winding in and out of the lowest streets, halting at intervals to speak to the people, and collecting by degrees a larger and ever larger number of followers; finally it reaches the hall whence it started, into which it bursts in a tumultuous manner, carrying with it a great part of its train, and shouting, rather than singing—

"So we'll lift up our Banner on high,  
The Salvation Banner on high,  
We'll fight beneath its colours till we die,  
And we'll go to our home in the sky."

And who are these people who have revived the long disused custom of religious processions, and who seem to awaken the strongest possible feelings of partisanship on the part of the mob? The smallest child in the street would be able to answer—they are members of the Salvation Army re-entering their temple for their nightly meeting after their evening march and open-air service.

The originator of the gigantic body of Revivalists which bears this name was William Booth. He was born in 1829, of Church parents; but at

the age of fourteen he joined the Wesleyans, among whom, three years later, he became an accredited lay preacher. When twenty-four years old he entered the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion, and, so great was his influence as a preacher, that the Conference set him apart for the work of an evangelist. Much difference of opinion, however, prevailed as to the advisability of the special services, and, after many pros and cons, Mr. Booth was desired by the Conference of 1861 to confine himself permanently to regular pastoral work; but the young minister, feeling that irregular evangelical warfare was his proper sphere, preferred to resign his post rather than to obey. He bade farewell to his former friends, and resolved to strike out an independent line of his own. In 1865 he was invited to hold a week's services in Whitechapel, and was so impressed by the mass of sin and godlessness around, that he resolved henceforth to devote his life to reclaiming the millions of his countrymen who seemed altogether untouched by the existing means of grace. Unaided and alone, he at once began to preach on a waste piece of ground near the Mile End Road, where his earnest, penetrating style soon won him hearers. From amongst these, fellow-workers arose, who, with their leader, were called the "East London Christian Revival Society," and whose forcible and unconventional methods procured them great successes among their hearers. Their numbers grew; a more compact name was adopted, that of the "Christian Mission," many converts were made, and various stations were established in different parts of the country; but it was not till 1878 that the movement assumed anything like its present proportions. In that year "it was found to be fashioned substantially after the model of an army, and, as its object was the salvation of men, it was called what it really seemed to be—"the Salvation Army."<sup>1</sup> Its leader became the General; its com-

manders majors, captains, lieutenants, and sergeants; its members soldiers; and its phraseology that of an army in the field. Since then, in spite of much opposition and even persecution, town after town has been occupied, upwards of 343 buildings have been acquired for army purposes, 760 paid officers are employed, 6,200 services are held weekly, more than 15,000 soldiers have been trained for public speaking; in 1881 a sum of no less than 57,000*l.* was expended in the cause; the names of General and Mrs. Booth are in everybody's mouth, and their work bids fair to surpass in magnitude even that which was accomplished in the last century by the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield.

With the *aims* of the Salvation Army—I speak now of their aims only—all religious people will sympathize throughout the length and breadth of the land. They are to furnish everywhere a "scheme of evangelization specially directed to meet the needs of the most abandoned and godless part of the community;"<sup>2</sup> to "seize the slaves of sin, and not only set them free, and turn them into the children of God, but, as far as is possible in each case, to make them soul winners."<sup>3</sup> Now to those who are personally unacquainted with the lower classes in large towns, I recommend the perusal of *Heathen England*; I know from sad experience that all that is there said of them is but too true. Not only the riff-raff of the people, but the ordinary working man attends no place of worship, and he (not to mention his wife, who is frequently the worst of the two) is as a rule a slave to "the drink," and, with few exceptions, lives as if there were no God in the world, and no life to come. Our churches and chapels have not touched, and do not touch them, for they never voluntarily darken the doors of either, and we have not found the way to "compel them to come in." The Sunday is spent in bed until such

<sup>2</sup> *Heathen England*, by G. Railton, p. 17.

<sup>3</sup> Introduction to *Order Book*, by General Booth.

<sup>1</sup> *All about the Salvation Army*, p. 5.



time as the publichouses open, when drink can be had till three. Then follows dinner, and a rest on the bed, or dawdle down the street till the gin-shops re-open, and then a second carousal which lasts till closing hour, when the man reels back to his home, volunteering with loud oaths to fight his friends by the way, and presently administering the proffered blows to his wife, who as likely as not is the worse for liquor too, and from whom cries of "help" and "murder" proceed which arouse the sleeping inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Nor am I talking of Whitechapel or Shadwell. Within five minutes' walk of Belgrave Square, there is street after street to which every word I have written applies. And these are the people that undoubtedly the Salvation Army does get hold of, and not only turns them from lawless ruffians into respectable citizens, but changes them into whole-hearted, enthusiastic Christians, devoted servants of their Lord, who keep back neither health, nor strength, nor time, nor money from Him; who have nothing about them of the coarseness and roughness of their class, but are refined and transformed by living for a high ideal, and give a meaning to St. James's words: "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?" These are strong expressions, but every one of them is warranted by facts!

Humanly speaking, the means by which the transformation is effected is the ardent zeal of the Army workers. They labour as men who hold no easy-going modern theories about man's duties here, and his destiny hereafter. They believe that the majority of the world are hurrying blindly onward towards a future of eternal torture, and they carry their premise to its legitimate conclusion, and think every minute lost that is not spent in plucking a brand from the burning. To this end they persuade, drive, draw, startle, and terrify men to their meetings, and when they are

there, go all lengths, even to grotesqueness and extreme irreverence in order to keep them. General Booth (in last month's *Contemporary*) tells us that to condemn a devoted young man who thus offends, would be as "ruinous and foolish as to shoot a valuable horse who had broken one's carriage against the kerb-stone," but, fully admitting this, may we not remind him that it might be equally "ruinous and foolish" not to drive the young horse on a different bit, and in stronger harness, after we had discovered his propensity to mischief? Still I am one of those more ready to admire the self-devotion and fervour of the officers than to cavil at the errors into which they fall.

Truly their post is no sinecure; besides the eighteen hours a week spent in visiting, they hold from nineteen to twenty-five services in the seven days. They ask: "Who invented a religion without daily service?" and promptly answer, "The Devil." Every day they have at least one out-door and one in-door meeting, and on Sundays never less than six. A Salvationist list of services from Saturday to Sunday night would be somewhat as follows<sup>1</sup>:—

Saturday,	7.30 P.M.—Street march and open-air service.
"	8 P.M.—Free-and-Easy.
Sunday,	7 A.M.—Knee-drill.
"	11 A.M.—Holiness meeting.
"	2.30 P.M.—Street march and open-air service.
"	3 P.M.—Salvation meeting and after-meeting.
"	6.30 P.M.—Street march and open-air service.
"	7 P.M.—Salvation meeting and after-meeting.

<sup>1</sup> The names of the second and third of these services have been harshly commented on and, indeed, savour somewhat of slang; yet their origin is simple enough. The 7 a.m. "Knee-drill" merely means a preliminary prayer-meeting for members, in which grace and help are besought kneeling; and the title "Free-and-Easy" was given to the Saturday meeting in order that it should, in name at least, prove a rival attraction to the "Free and Easy" at the publichouse, where, from the force of custom, the working man felt bound to spend his evening on pay-day.

The street-march and service have already been described, but the Salvation meeting and the Holiness meeting, which remain, may be taken as the two great sections into which the whole of the Army's work is divided; the first being intended for the conversion of sinners, the last for the building up of members. This distinction is a radical one, as the two meetings are wholly unlike in their nature, and any conclusions drawn on the evidence of one only are obviously unjust.

I should like to give my readers an idea of each of these services, and for this purpose let us suppose ourselves to have rushed into the hall for the Salvation meeting with the crowd whom we left some pages back. The building is big, plain, and ugly, and is filled with benches, which, even on a week-day are packed with unkempt women and rough men, the latter greatly predominating. At one end is a platform on which a noisy host of soldiers of both sexes are taking their position, in the midst is a deal table with some battered hymn-books, a Bible, and a jug of water from which all refresh themselves in common. Every one on the platform and in the hall talks and laughs as he pleases till 8 o'clock strikes; then the captain raises his hand (I say "his," but the captain is as often a woman as a man, for the Salvationist rule is: "there is neither male nor female in the Lord"), silence ensues, and the service begins. It commences with a hymn sung standing, at a pace that would frighten a good old Wesleyan or Baptist out of his senses, and there is a roaring chorus, which is repeated over and over again with the greatest enthusiasm. During the last verse the soldiers sink down upon their knees and finish kneeling, with every sign of devotional fervour. The congregation mostly bend their backs slightly out of compliment to the occasion, but some ostentatiously sit erect and laugh. Prayer is now called for, one member after another prays, and as he does so he rocks himself backwards and forwards, clenches his hands, shouts out

his words, and tries in every way to work himself and his hearers into an agony of excitement. The prayers are short and follow one another with great rapidity, men and women alike taking part in them, and the soldiers present joining in with gesticulations and volleys of Allelujahs, Amens, and cries of all sorts. The prayers are exceedingly alike, and seldom depart much from the following sample:—

"Lord, we want Thee to be with us in our meetin'; be with us now. Lord, we want power, send power to the meetin.' You see these dear people, these dear lads who are perishing in their sins; Lord, help them; Lord, save them; save them now. Before midnight they may be in hell; oh, Lord, come down and save them; we believe You can; we believe You will. Come, Lord, now, and Thou shalt have all the glory. Amen."

The prayers are interspersed with hymns, which are given out verse by verse, with comments, and are sung sitting, and then probably testimonies are called for. But the service has seldom got thus far without a disturbance from the roughs. One night on which I was present, two half-drunken men, who were nursing a fox-terrier between them, suddenly, when the speaker had reached his climax, irritated the dog and made it bark furiously. On another occasion, when testimonies were being given, a lad rose, and called out, "I ain't saved, and don't want to be!" Discipline is sharp in the Army, and the offenders had to be expelled. To prevent the congregation taking sides, one of their favourite melodies was started; over and over again we sang—

"All our storms will soon be over,  
Then we'll anchor in the harbour;  
We are out on the ocean sailing,  
To our home beyond the skies."

Ten, twenty, thirty times we shouted it, and meantime two or three officers, with their hands behind their backs, to show there was to be no fighting, had by some magical power got their abusive, furious, scowling opponents on their legs, and then by degrees, with absolute calmness, had edged them down the gangway and out of the hall. The triumph of moral over brute force was complete.

After an hour or so of this singing, praying, and testifying, those who wish to leave, go home; and the captain opens the after-meeting. His object is to induce those who are convicted of sin to come boldly forward, kneel at the front bench (which has been cleared for the purpose), seek to realise the application of Christ's atonement to their individual souls, and resolve and promise to give up strong drink, and *all sin* (for in spite of their gainsayers the Army's teaching on this point is unmistakably explicit), and make a distinct public avowal of the change in their lives. An appropriate hymn is chosen; and each verse is read aloud by the captain with personal application to his hearers.

"I am coming to the Cross,"

he reads. "Now who's coming?" he asks. "Don't say it if you don't mean it; but if you do, say it, and come along, and you'll get such a welcome as you never had before.

"I am coming to the Cross,  
I am poor, and weak, and blind."

"Ay! you're poor; the drink's kept you poor! You're weak; yes, Satan sees to that! You're blind, so you are, but there's One as can give light; you're a regular rough maybe, but there's One as can smoothe you out!

"I shall full salvation find."

"Not be half saved—not three-quarters saved, but altogether; that's what you want, isn't it? Well then, come along!"

The Army and congregation take up the verse; the soldiers singing with rapt devotion: then prayer is offered, and the hymn is resumed. Presently a man rises, comes forward, and kneels at the bench, where one of the workers takes his place at his side, and helps him with advice and prayer; by degrees two, three, four or many more penitents are kneeling at the form, some talking to the workers, some praying, some even weeping, some joining in the hymn, and saying or singing—

"Here I give myself to Thee,  
Friends and time and earthly store,  
Soul and body, Thine to be  
Wholly Thine for evermore."

The use of the penitents' bench has been the subject of much discussion and animadversion; but to me Mr. Railton's defence of the system is unanswerable (see p. 65 of *Heathen England*).

Whatever views people may hold with regard to sudden conversion in the abstract, among those classes whose outward lives, at least, are in accordance with the law of God, few will, I think, deny that where a man is steeped body and soul in wickedness, where Satan is his law-giver, where his daily habits are every one of them fetters chaining him to sin, where his every step is a step towards deeper degradation, and his every companion a tempter to evil, there must be a definite transformation of the outward as well as the inward life, and that except by a miracle this will not happen unless he obeys the command, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." The penitents' bench is the outward sign of this impending separation, the Salvationist verse—

"My old companions fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell,  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;  
Fare you well, fare you well."

is their crude rendering of the text. Every effort is made to induce the convert to put the words he uses into practice, and with this view he is often made to commit himself to his newly-adopted course, by declaring his conversion aloud before he leaves the room; he is also directed to pin the medal "S. S." on his collar, and to be ready to join on the morrow in the street procession, and tell, in the open-air service, what the Lord has done for his soul. What this costs him I suppose we can hardly realise! In his home, his wife, taking a practical view of the case, meets his profession of conversion with an incredulous "Oh yes! I daresay! I wonder how

many times afore you've promised me to give up the drink!" In the workshop his mates are "at him all day," tempting, gibing, goading him to sin; irritating him, to draw forth the customary oath; offering to treat him, that he may succumb before the customary glass; boycotting him, that isolation may sting him back to his old excesses. It is a very furnace of affliction into which the convert steps, but the weary day wears by at last; at the evening meeting his heart warms under the lavish sympathy of his new allies, and it is with joyful emotion, which finds a responsive chord in the souls of his hearers, that he steps forward to give his testimony, and says: "Dear friends, it was but last night that I turned to the Lord; I've been a regular bad 'un, no need to tell you that—many on you know what I've been, but Allelujah! there's mercy for the biggest sinner; Jesus has washed me in His precious blood, and thank God I'm saved! I've had a deal to bear to-day, but the Lord have kep' me, and I've joy and peace in my heart, and, God helpin' me, I mean to go on to the end."

Two great objections are urged against the Salvation meetings—the employment of new converts to "preach," and the great excitement which prevails. The first objection arises very much, I think, from a misuse of the word "preach," which, in its strict sense, is quite inapplicable to the brief remarks of the Salvationist convert. He never presumes to direct his hearers in the paths of virtue, from a personal experience in them of twenty-four hours. The above short speech is the type of all such; and surely if his mates are present it must tend to good, not evil, to see such a one as they have known him to be, courageously stand forward, and not only avow his change of purpose, but declare that in spite of their persecutions there is more joy in Christ than in Satan. Experience shows that this is so, when one of a batch of workmen "gets converted" it is rare that

some of the others do not follow his example.

As regards the high-wrought excitement which exists, I admit that it should be more carefully controlled than is sometimes the case. It is painful to read triumphant paragraphs in the *War Cry*, narrating how men fell down in fits, and women went into hysterics; it is lamentable to read of cases where sad results have come of this overstrung enthusiasm; yet I must say that at no meeting which I have attended (and I have been to many) was there any excitement which even approached the pitch necessary to produce convulsions or insensibility. The leader worked up his hearers to the point required for giving the drunken blackguard or the sinful woman sufficient courage to come out and take that first awful step which in cold, calm, "reasonable" moments they would never dare take, and which yet must be taken before there is a chance of reform; and, seeing that no effort is spared to minimise the danger of reaction, with a view to which each convert is put under the care of a sergeant, whose duty it is to see that he attends services and leads a strictly moral life during the three months of probation which precede his enrolment as an "efficient soldier," I think it would be difficult to find valid arguments against the amount of excitement which is habitually aroused in these meetings.

To the outward observer one of their most remarkable features is that they should retain the power of inducing excitement. Their monotony is such that one asks oneself, "Why do not the soldiers and audience weary of them?" I suspect this is a point on which the educated mind differs from the uneducated one. Bishop Butler says that "passive impressions by being repeated grow weaker," but General Booth has discovered, with his usual sagacity, that this maxim does not hold good below a certain class. On the contrary, repeated blows of the hammer drive the nail in at last, and after weeks or

months of these meetings, when the lads ought, according to the bishop, to have grown perfectly case-hardened, they all at once soften and come to the penitents' bench.

It is no little surprise to those who inquire into the workings of the Army to find that, counting indoor services only, the ratio of salvation to holiness meetings is as eight to one or two. The reason for this is to be gathered from a paragraph on p. 52, of General Booth's *Order-Book*; it is a passage worthy of the attention of all preachers and teachers. "There are those," he says, "who know how to preach holiness in such a way as to tell as heavily upon the unconverted as upon the converted, *but these are few*." Does not the very stationary religious state of many of our parishes suggest that there is much truth in this remark, and that our services and sermons which are generally intended for the building up the converted, fail to reach the unconverted because, though some speakers can tell as heavily on the second class as on the first, these speakers "*are few*"?

But it is time to pass on to the *Holiness meeting*. This service is generally held at eleven on Sunday morning, when the usual attendants at the salvation meetings are still in bed, and on one evening in the week. The behaviour of the congregation is orderly and devout; the usual stamping, jumping, beating time, writhings, gesticulations of the soldiers are greatly modified.<sup>1</sup>

The hymns are such as can only fitly be sung by earnest Christians; there is Bible-reading, and a kind of sermon, or rather a running exposition of some part of Scripture. The speakers are the captain and some of

<sup>1</sup> I am here speaking of the ordinary Holiness meeting, but at the all-night Holiness meetings, the excitement is (I am told, for I have never been to one) something terrible. I read for example in the *War Cry* of July 6th, of 150 people who fell senseless at one of these meetings in Liverpool. No wonder sober-minded persons inveigh against such doings, and urge General Booth to forbid them. It is much to be regretted that they have hitherto pressed this in vain.

the best officers and soldiers, who press their hearers to strive after a higher standard and more entire self-renunciation. In the class whence the preachers are drawn there seems to be a noticeable absence of any tendency to analyse the subtleties of the human heart. Holiness as attainable by man, not the intricacies of disposition which place man in this or that attitude towards holiness, is the invariable theme; the fact that man does often reach perfect goodness in this life is enforced week after week, and proved by what appears to me a rather one-sided selection of quotations from Scripture. General and Mrs. Booth reckon among the calumnies circulated against them, that they inculcate the doctrine of "sinless perfection." It is easy to see how the report has arisen among those who have no wish, as they insinuate, to colour or distort their doctrines, for they certainly teach that by the help of the Holy Spirit, to whose operations they give a very marked prominence in their apprehension of the Divine economy, man may and often does live for years without falling into sin, though they lay equal emphasis on the fact that he is always liable to fall, to become a backslider, and to end in perdition. The exact form in which the doctrine is taught varies very much according to the personal bias of the presiding captain. In one hall I heard testimonies called for, and responded to by persons who stated that they had respectively not sinned for ten years, six months, since Good Friday, though it is only fair to say that this is a proceeding not encouraged by the leaders of the movement, who fear the great danger of self-deception and spiritual pride.

These meetings end with a fresh invitation to come forward and kneel at the front bench, not this time for salvation, but for "the blessing of a clean heart," which is the technical expression for the state which follows the expulsion of all sin. After conversion there are still enemies within who wish to join the enemies without. They are kept in check, but not de-



stroyed; but at sanctification, which like conversion is often instantaneous, they are cast out, and henceforth the man walks blamelessly. This is the clearest statement of the doctrine which I can give, for the seeming contradiction between Answer 12 of General Booth's catechism on Sanctification, which asserts that man "in an entirely sanctified state is without sin," and Answer 15, which admits that "man being imperfect both in body and mind, is plainly unable to keep the perfect law of God," is so great that I cannot pretend to reconcile it.

On all doctrines besides those alluded to as taught at the Salvation and Holiness services, the widest right of private judgment is allowed. General Booth tells us that he "believes the three Creeds of the Church with all his heart," but few of the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, even, are impressed on his converts: the soldiers retain the views which they originally acquired amongst other denominations (which accounts for the strange discrepancies of opinion among Salvationists that often perplex those who look upon them as a new sect), or if they have previously belonged to the denomination "rough," they have, as may be expected, no opinions at all. "Controversy" is the horror of their chiefs; of the differences which divide the High, Low and Broad Church, the Baptists, Wesleyans, and Congregationalists, they glory in knowing nothing. "We lose sight of and depreciate no other agency which He has raised up," says Commissioner Railton, on p. 17 of *Heathen England*, "and rejoice with our fellow-labourers in every sheaf gathered from any part of the vast harvest field." Nor are these hollow words. General Booth seems to have got over the slight dislike of "Christians" which may be traced in his order book, and which, to do him justice, was the natural consequence of the frequent acts of hostility with which they hindered his work in its earlier years. "The Army" openly avows its objection to accept as members any who belong to any of the

churches," he writes, and on the contrary, "numbers of its converts go to swell the membership of the churches. Close upon 300 persons, converted and trained in its ranks, have been engaged by other different religious organizations as evangelists, ministers, missionaries, students, colporteurs, Bible women, and the like." The same sympathy with every effort made throughout all parts of the "vast harvest field" prevails among his subordinates. I have spoken to many, and have never seen the least sign of any wish to monopolize the work of evangelisation for the Army, or anything but the most cordial interest on their part in attempts of a like kind undertaken by other bodies.

Seeing how absolutely new a phenomenon is this absence of jealousy and suspicious distrust, we cannot too warmly admire it, and rejoice that it has met with its reward in eliciting a widely-spread spirit of good will from thousands outside the pale of the Army. It is true that this brotherly love is greatly due to the careful exclusion, inculcated by the General, of all investigation of doctrinal questions; still in these days, when the most un-Christian bitterness is excited between different parties within and without the Established Church by the discussion of minor doctrinal and ceremonial points, it is well to be lenient on the means used by persons who certainly escape this error. "We are opposed," says Mr. Booth, "to all that teaching of the Bible which is merely theoretical, speculative, and controversial; and which has no bearing on the immediate experience and walk and warfare of our soldiers, and we object to any outsiders bringing in amongst us those speculative and non-essential questions. We say we are doing a great work, and we cannot come down to discuss questions on which the most eminent doctors of divinity disagree. We counsel our soldiers to leave these until all God's enemies are conquered and saved."<sup>1</sup>

These words would find an echo

<sup>1</sup> *All about the Salvation Army*, p. 27.

<sup>1</sup> *All about the Salvation Army*, p. 19.

from thousands in our Church, did not the Salvationists include in their definition of teaching which is merely "theoretical and speculative," a point to which we can by no means coincide in applying these words. Such difference of opinion, say they, surrounds the Sacraments, that, for the present at least, they do not authoritatively enjoin either. This seems to me a direct departure from their own principles; controversy has raged around definitions of the Sacraments, but (excepting the Quakers) every one agrees that they were meant by Christ to be permanent institutions. "Be baptised," and "do this," might surely be taught after the usual Salvationist fashion of strong assertion without much attempt at definition. But the fact is the Army leaders care very little about the Sacraments; they even incline to think they may have been intended as temporary ordinances, and the result is that they are wholly ignored. They are not forbidden, some soldiers have their children baptised in the churches and others by the captain, male or female, at the meetings; but this is merely done when the parents have brought a respect for the Sacrament with them from the denomination to which they originally belonged, and desire the ordinance for their child. No teaching on the duty of baptism is given at the services, and therefore after two or three generations of Salvationists the habit will probably die out if no steps are taken by the leaders of the movement to prevent it. As I believe this is not their desire, and as their Sacramental arrangements are not supposed to be irrevocably fixed, I hope they may avert this danger.

As regards the other Sacrament, many members at present communicate in various churches and chapels, but this is wholly a matter of private inclination and does not form part of the plans of the Salvationist chiefs. General Booth distinctly stated, at the York Conference, that he did not regard the Sacraments as "conditions of salvation," and he would evidently

be glad if the clergy would forbear alluding to them when his soldiers attend divine worship in the churches. Yet although he may not consider them absolutely essential, he apparently looks on them as desirable ordinances, and has till lately striven to provide for the reception of the Holy Communion by his soldiers.

In the early years of the Christian mission he ordered the members to communicate in the Church of England, but they were unwilling to do so, and he did not think the matter worth pressing; he then permitted the leaders at six or more stations to administer the Communion themselves, but this practice (for what reasons I know not), he, I am glad to say, does not extend; at a later date the Church Communions were revived, and till a few months ago the hearts of the broader-minded Churchmen were gladdened by reading of large bodies of Salvationists, who had marched with colours flying to the Church of their forefathers, and had joined the congregation in carrying out the injunction of their dying Lord. The Church had learnt wisdom from the mistakes of former days, and lovingly welcomed these strange sheep from another fold; she sank all minor differences of opinion, she turned a deaf ear to their protestations that they cared not for her distinctive doctrines, and only came to her as the Church of the nation; she admitted them graciously and gladly, in a way which has been warmly acknowledged in their organ the *War Cry*. But all this has passed away. The Salvationist leaders are unfortunately sensitive to individual expressions of opinions adverse to them. Protests, which appeared in certain papers against admitting persons known to be unconfirmed to the Holy Communion, offended the General, and led him to doubt the expediency of the joint communions; the matter was brought to a crisis by the Bishop of Lincoln's negative to Mr. Dobree's question as to whether he should receive an Army Corps without inquiring if its members

were or were not confirmed; and an order was issued from Head Quarters, which (whilst it left the liberty of soldiers as individuals unaffected) prohibited the attendance of the Army in their corporate capacity at Church Communions. I look upon this step as a disastrous one in the annals of the Army. Many Bishops were willing to extend to them the custom of the Church, in accepting all who present themselves at her altars without question, provided they be not "open and notorious evil livers"; many clergy were welcoming them gladly; all over the country, among clergy and laity, a disposition towards conciliation and even concession was rife; suddenly they turn round and say no further trouble need be taken on their behalf, they are still willing to join us in our other services, but in the great act of Christian commemoration they will no longer take part! Three months ago the Army was a much needed evangelizing body, working, not under, but with the Church, now, wherein does it differ from a sect, deprived as a body, by the act of its leaders, of the Sacrament without which Christ Himself said "ye have no life in you"? I earnestly hope that the day will come when the General will see fit to recall his prohibition of Church Communions and restore them both for the sake of his soldiers and the cause of unity among Christians.

This is an important matter in which the Church and the Army have drifted further apart during the last half year; I fear that a second point of estrangement will be found in the great extension which is taking place of the "children's war," which is carried on by means so antipathetic to persons who are not members of the Army, that no one could do otherwise than try to prevent the little ones over whom he had any control from falling under their influence. In the first place, about a year ago a junior *War Cry* was started, under the title of the *Little Soldier*. A more hardy departure from the received method of juvenile

education could scarcely be conceived. Each week, under the head of "Our Experience Meeting in Print," we read the testimonies of scores of "happy Williams," "converted liars," and "Sarahs aged 6½ years," who tell us exactly how many months or weeks they have been saved, how they have "a dear mother saved, and a dear father, and a sister not saved," how "the little 'uns must teach the big 'uns," how "mother learnt to pray from hearing them praying for her through the door," and many other things which grate sadly against one's ideas of the simplicity and unassumingness which are lovely in children. The circulation of this paper is, I believe, over 50,000 weekly, and is rapidly increasing. But this is not all. At many of the stations there are now occasional children's services, and soon there will be corps of children in each town "with barracks and daily services of their own," led in every case by juvenile captains and lieutenants. These services are counterparts of the Salvation meeting. The same doctrines are taught; infant saints of perhaps four years old, perched on the table or a chair, testify to their rescue from their imaginary disfavour with God; infant penitents supposed to be struck with "conviction of sin," kneel at the front bench, and these "anxious souls" are first dealt with by the child officers, and are then described as "the children as have got saved to-day." I lay no stress on the whispering, playing, staring about, and total inattention of the audience, nor on the incapacity of the girl captain, who appealed to experiences, quite undeveloped in her hearers, in phrases picked up at the adult meeting; for I am told by the authorities that the services I attended must have been exceptionally bad ones, but what can be said for the system itself? Mr. Halliday, of Newcastle, a gentleman of great experience with children, is now engaged in inquiring into the progress of the Children's War, and drawing up a code of regulations for the

meetings; these will, I daresay, put a check on irreverence and extravagance; but I fear there is no chance of any radical alteration of the present methods. These have been at work so short a time that there has been no opportunity of judging them by their results; but all *à priori* reasoning is against them, and I am not at all prepared to admit the Salvationist assumption, that they will prove a remedy against the frequent falling away from religious influences which is observed amongst children brought up under other systems. The recent extensive supplementing, by spiritual teaching, of the formal and purely doctrinal instruction which used to be given in our schools, together with the guilds and societies of all kinds which have been of late years formed with a view to prevent the drifting away of the lads and lasses, seem to me steps far more in the right direction than the experimental methods of the army. The next twenty years must, however, pass away before we can have conclusive evidence on this point.

And not on this head only will the lessons of the next score of years be valuable. What will be the position of this great revivalistic movement in the year 1900? Will it have spread all over the land till every village has one of the "Sergeants," which are now being enrolled to work in the rural districts? or will it have passed its climax and be sinking into decadence? There are circumstances connected with it which make its long duration a matter of doubt. Foremost of these is the fact that it contravenes nature by shutting its eyes to man's complex constitution, and insisting on regarding him as a spiritual being only. As a physical and intellectual creature, the Salvationist is left to take his chance; but spiritually he is a pampered animal. He is artificially protected on all sides. He may not enter on the discussion of different religious opinions for fear of disunion; he is forbidden all strong drink and tobacco lest he should run into excess; the women are

forced to wear a peculiar uniform to preserve them from the snares of vanity, neither sex may join freely in society for fear of worldliness, and general education is looked on with suspicion. One would have expected to have seen Mr. and Mrs. Booth foremost in promoting clubs, coffee taverns, musical societies, reading rooms, and lectures, but, on the contrary, they look with disfavour on such institutions. They consider a street march, an out-door service followed by an indoor meeting, as the nightly occupation of the working man of the future; they seem to have no fear that the monotony of the Salvation meeting should lead to formalism and unreality, and that the genuine fervour of the speakers should degenerate into an acted exhibition of feigned emotion. In order to keep them to what they consider the one essential occupation of life, they denounce all amusement as such, concerts, penny-readings, fiction, charades, games, are all held to be inconsistent with the Christian profession (see "Worldly Amusement and Christianity," in *Practical Religion*, by Mrs. Booth.) Of course, it is a truism to say that "our evening parties and miniature pantomimes (whatever these may be) do not lead to the 'conversion of our young people,'" but whether rational recreation, though not a substitute for the Gospel, is not a more useful handmaid to the Gospel than Mrs. Booth admits, remains to be seen. "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloister'd virtue, unexercis'd and unbreath'd, that never sallies out and sees her adversary," says Milton, in his *Areopagitica*; but this is exactly the kind of "virtue" Mr. and Mrs. Booth "praise" most. Will not the day come when the soldiers will ask by what authority these heavy burdens are laid upon them, and unless before then a more robust element can be infused into their Christianity, will not that day be one when not only artificial but legitimate restraint may be broken through? At present, however, the first fervour of the movement still lasts, the soldiers

glory in their leading strings, and Mr. Booth's conscience is their conscience to an extent which tends altogether to extinguish private judgment, and a sense of individual responsibility in them. No one who is not thoroughly acquainted, both with the Army and with the various writings, and especially the *Order Book*, composed by the "general," can be aware how entirely the whole of the vast body is in doctrine, discipline, and modes of thought the handiwork of Mr. Booth; his influence pervades it from the top to the bottom, and runs to all its extremities; nothing is too great and nothing is too small for his hand to be in it. It is not only in pursuance of his instructions that barracks are built, buildings hired, and an income which this year amounts to 70,000*l.* is expended, but it is by his direction that the most trivial matters are controlled. He orders the sale of "Penny Song-books" in the meetings, and suggests an argument for silencing gainsayers; he informs the officers of the exact moment in their work at each station at which they ought to call and solicit help from leading citizens, he points out to them which feature of that work ought to be placed before each different class of men, he gives rules for the effective conduct of street marches, and for the most impressive grouping of the soldiers on the hall platform; he directs the behaviour of captains to the attendants at hired buildings, he restrains them from arguing with friend or foe on disputed questions. Every difficulty which could be foreseen is provided for on the pages of the *Order Book*, and all others are immediately referred to and decided at headquarters. The general is an autocrat among autocrats; it has been said that he is a "no doubt unconscious plagiarist" from the Jesuits, but the following words from p. 10 of the *Order Book*, "The Roman Catholic Church has perhaps done more in the way of organisation than any other since the world began," taken together with those on p. 21, "We began to try it [the Methodist System] in part, and

the remains of the Methodist System are not, alas! entirely gone from us yet," show that he has deliberately weighed the autocratic and the representative form of government, and chosen the former. The choice was a tempting, but a dangerous one, for it is only a first-rate man who is qualified to fill so responsible a position as irresponsible Head of the Salvation Army, and first-rate men are not at all times easy to find. The present General is remarkable for his powers of organisation and his ability in dealing with subordinates; Mrs. Booth is a lady gifted with winning manners and unusual powers of oratory. Both husband and wife have a matchless hold on the affections of their dependants. I was with the Army at their anniversary festival at the Alexandra Palace, and was much struck by the absolute devotion of the soldiers to their leaders; it resembled the loyalty of subjects towards a beloved sovereign. Only great and rare qualities could elicit such a feeling; and the feeling is necessary to the very existence of that vast host.<sup>1</sup> General Booth bids us believe that were he to die to-morrow "the whole machinery of the Army would go on without hitch;" but it may well be doubted if his son and successor would be able to govern as he governs. Even greater gifts will be required in the second general than those possessed by the first. He will not have the prestige of being the originator of the movement; he will not have to deal with men who are "in the fervour of their first love"; he cannot expect that as years go on his regiments will meet with no reverses; and to a body which is a

<sup>1</sup> Since the above words were written a painful proof of the instability of popular feeling has been given by the mutiny in the Potteries. Captain "Gipsy Smith," who was cashiered by the General for accepting a testimonial offered him by his friends, has raised the standard of revolt, and has gathered around it thousands of disaffected Salvationists. The rebels not only refuse to allow the emissaries from headquarters to address them, but threaten them with bodily violence, so that they are obliged to demand protection from the police!



gigantic illustration of the proverb, "Nothing succeeds like success," reverses will tend strongly to disorganisation. Nothing but absolute power, wielded by a strong man, can possibly resist the future dangers that menace the Army.

All these considerations suggest that whilst sympathising with all our hearts with the work of the Salvation Army, we should not allow ourselves to be carried away by the fascinations of its present power and success. If there is one thing which more than another is to be regretted in connection with the movement, it is that many small missions which have been quietly doing good work among the poor, and would have attracted the attention of the whole country if they had been ramifications of some great society, with a central government and a telling name, are being starved by the secession of workers and the withdrawal of subscriptions, both of which are being absorbed into this already over-grown body. I myself know of a band of nearly a hundred rough London lads who are turned adrift to spend their evenings in the public-houses because their leader, a young working-man to whom they were greatly attached, and who used to assemble them nightly for religious service and secular amusement, has left them to join the Salvationists, and this I believe is unhappily but one case among many. The tendency to forsake unrecognised and unapplauded work, to take part in one which is for the moment attracting national attention, is a robbing of Peter to pay Paul, which does not advance the cause of righteousness. The Salvationists themselves admit it. "Work on outside us," I heard some officers exclaim; "win souls for Jesus! the Lord be with you! Allelujah." And Mrs. Booth herself, speaking to the Society of Friends, said: "I do not want you to come to us; I want you to begin where you are." Let us take her at her word, and "begin where we are," grafting the zeal and unconventionality of the Army on to

our own work, thereby fulfilling her precept: "Get out of the ruts, I say, get out of the ruts;" and let us then rest assured that we are doing more good than we should do by joining a body which has already abundance of efficient labourers of all sorts.

Of all sorts save one, I should have said; and here is an opening for usefulness for any one who is earnest and educated enough for the task. In all parishes inhabited by the artisan class, and especially in those occupied by the Salvation Army, there is sore need for a Christian Evidence class or debating society. The more educated working man is apt to be disgusted at the noise and excitement of a Salvation meeting, and to argue illogically, though not unnaturally, that a religion propagated by such methods is "all humbug." The Army makes no provision for the atheist, the doubter, or the inquirer; "an objection rarely comes from any one but a drunkard or an infidel, to reply to *either of whom* would be a foolish waste of time," says Mr. Railton, on p. 47 of *Heathen England*. If the unbeliever's scepticism is of a kind which yields to noise and the contagion of enthusiasm well and good, if not there is nothing better in store for him than to be hustled out of the crowd with the remark, "If you don't like it, why don't you go on?" This is perhaps an inevitable blot in a body containing as little education as the Army. With good reason does General Booth desire his soldiers never to argue. I once heard an energetic debate between four or five of them and a young man who was declaring that he was an unbeliever, and had become so in consequence of reading Darwin's works; but besides a chorus of "Thank you, I won't have no monkeys for my ancestors," nobody seemed to have anything special to say in defence of his own side. This is not as it should be, and here the Church, with its superior enlightenment and education, is especially qualified to step into the breach, and counteract the modern tendency to produce an in-

crease of infidelity among the artisans in our towns.

On the whole, however, I think it is undeniable that the Salvation Army has been a vast influence for good throughout the country. It has converted thousands from darkness to light; it has everywhere stirred the hearts of men by its example, and inspired them with the longing to go forth and rescue their brethren. We read of out-of-door processions and field and street preaching among all denominations; we hear of successes, still more to our mind than those of the Salvationists, won by the Bristol Church Army, which whilst copying the Salvation Army in most respects, eschews its extravagances, and adds sacramental teaching to that of the other elementary Christian doctrines. What should hinder the formation of similar Church armies all over the land? Have we not clergy who would act as "captains" of local corps? Have we not laity to march singing through the streets, and help in the indoor meetings? Can we not have mission rooms where services of a more popular nature than those of the Prayer Book can be conducted? Can we not use our uneducated classes to speak to their fellows? Can we not even have a penitents' bench, and a system of registration and visitation like those of the Army? I believe in the diocese of Lincoln there is one parish with 36,000 souls and one clergyman! What impression can one labourer be expected to make on such masses? What impression could one, two, or three curates from the Additional Curates' Society make? But the effect of a Church army would soon be felt among these thousands.

A simple method of starting a Church army in such places would be to procure from the Salvation Army an officer who had been brought up in the Church, and had respect for its rules and ordinances. The revivalist leaders have no petty jealousies, and no doubt an efficient person would be sent on application to head-quarters, who would act as lieutenant under the

clergyman. An unmarried officer's salary is 21s. weekly. Surely there is no large parish where such a sum would not be forthcoming; the classes among whom he would minister would contribute it themselves. We in the Church have been too fond of the text, "Cast thy bread on the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." We have seen our drunkards go on drinking, and our thieves thieving; we have watched our empty church benches year after year, and have prided ourselves on our "faith" in believing that, spite of appearances, our "bread" would return one day or other. We have forgotten the grain sown carelessly by the wayside, of which the end was "the fowls of the air came and devoured it up." It will not come back even "after many days!" If one set of methods have to a great extent failed, let us try others. "The one thing I must deprecate," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking of the Salvation Army at the Lambeth Conference, "is that we should settle on our lees." We must bring forth out of our treasure things new as well as old. The thing of the moment seems to be services on the Salvation Army model; their effect may wear off, then we must try something else; but why not hasten to adopt them before, by the dulling results of time and repetition, they lose any of their power?

If this could everywhere be done, then indeed would be fulfilled the hope expressed by Commissioner Railton, when, writing in 1876, before the great successes of the body had been won, he said,<sup>1</sup> "if it should never, as we trust under God it shall, mightily affect the whole body of the country by its own operations, yet at the least it may serve as a torch to show Christians everywhere the road into the ice-bound fastnesses, where so many millions of our own countrymen at present lie hid from the heat and light of the Gospel."

M. A. LEWIS.

<sup>1</sup> *Heathen England*, p. 20.